

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Three Dollars a Year,
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No. 20.

EROS IS DEAD!

BY R. ALLEN.

Eros is dead! I saw his lovely eyes,
Lovely and languishing, like stars that fled,
When morning came along the purple skies.
Eros is dead!

Eros is dead! I saw his rose-lips parted,
And the last sigh, exhaled like perfume shed,
And troops of virgins, waiting, broken-hearted,
"Eros is dead!"

Eros is dead! From Earth's most murky cave,
Came forth dark Mammon with unholy tread,
I heard him shout, exulting o'er the grave,
"Eros is dead!"

Eros is dead! Young Eros, the divine,
Forsaking ours, to parer worlds hath fled,
Twine ye the cypress, weeping virgins, twine,
"Eros is dead!"

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE,"
"JOHN FARMER'S PLOT," ETC.

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dealers throughout the United States, or direct
from this office.]

CHAPTER IX.

A WOUNDED CHIEF.

It was a fearful situation in which we left Miss Ambery and her maid. Captain Wilson's flight to her rescue had been rudely interrupted by a fierce blow on the head from one of the Indians. Only that the weapon glanced, his earthly career would have been ended.

As it was he fell prostrate, and lay for awhile stunned. It was a passing blow with the savage, who was in full pursuit of the scouts, and fortunately did not stop to complete his work.

For a few minutes they were deserted, all the savages having disappeared in the pursuit. Laura had sunk in a crouching position on the ground, her screams having subsided into sobs.

Miss Ambery still stood erect, but her face was pale and stony in its expression; she swayed as if she would fall. The horror of her situation was telling fearfully upon her.

A slight cry escaped her lips when she saw her only remaining defender fall. She broke from her lethargy, rushed to where he lay prostrate, and examined the wound upon his head with feverish haste.

There was no cut there, only an abrasion where the glancing weapon had struck. She hastened to the river side, wet her handkerchief, and pressed it upon the wound.

The coolness relieved him. He opened his eyes the next minute, and looked up gratefully into her face. His senses rapidly returned.

An uproar of voices beyond the ridge betokened the return of their captors. Miss Ambery, though terrified for herself, seated herself beside her patient, stretching her arm across him as if for defence.

She had heard the report of a rifle, and dreaded to see the gory scalps of her friends in the hands of some of the savages. But their cries seemed rather those of rage and disappointment than of triumph, and she began to hope that the scouts had escaped.

A minute more and the Indians had crossed the ridge, and were gathered round their helpless captives, their faces full of anger.

Two of them partly supported the gigantic savage whose arm had been broken by Jack Grey's rifle ball. He was a handsome fellow, his muscular frame being splendidly proportioned, his every movement full of unconscious grace. His features had all the manly beauty of which the Indian type is capable, and wore a commanding expression, which showed that he was one high in station among the savages.

His wound had bled profusely, yet he suppressed every sign of pain and weakness, and walked erect, with a fixed, grave expression of countenance, in strong contrast to the savage look with which he had thrown his hatchet at the scouts.

What brutal action the savages might have taken in their rage was prevented by other emotions. The strength of the wounded man seemed to suddenly leave him. He tottered and would have fallen but for the ready hands of his supporters.

The others gathered around him, concerned strongly displayed upon their faces. For the moment their captives were forgotten.

Seating him gently on a knoll, the most skillful of the savages proceeded to dress his wound. It had already been rudely bandaged, but the dressing had slipped, and blood was gushing out in profusion from a cut artery.

Their somewhat rough handling brought no sound of pain to his lips, no sign of shrinking to his features. A deep pallor, however, showed the suffering he was suppressing.

A soft voice behind them spoke in accents more musical than many of the Indians had ever heard.

"Let me put the bandage on his arm. You are hurting him."

The captives had stood looking intently upon the scene before them, and the kind heart of Nellie Ambery had softened at the evident marks of pain on the features of the chief.

Most of the Indians failed to understand her words, but the tone was significant to all, and they made way for her with softened looks, as she pressed forward.

The young lady was not altogether disinterested in this proffer of her services. Her pity was accompanied by the thought that such a display of interest might soften their obdurate hearts.

The rough surgeons had already succeeded in staunching the flow of blood, and yielded the wounded limb to her with curious eyes, her every movement being keenly watched.

"She was a soldier's daughter, and not unaccustomed to hospital duty. Her experience in this line soon enabled her to determine that no bone had been broken, that the wound was a flesh one, and that the weakness of the savage proceeded only from loss of blood.

The huge invalid looked down with wondering glances upon his unlooked-for nurse. All the fierceness was gone from his eyes, and a grateful look took its place, as her soft fingers drew the bandages round his arm, so gently as to give him no pain.

She had called Captain Wilson to her aid in this labor, declining the proffered help of the savages. The officer was not without surgical skill, and gave her important assistance in her self-imposed duty. He had caught the altered looks of the savages, and saw that this service to the chief was likely to benefit himself and his fellow captives.

"Thanks, Dove Finger," said her huge patient, in good English.

He took her small hand in his, and looked down, with a curious glance, on the white palm lying like a snow-flake in his great brown hand. A faint laugh came from his lips.

"The dove is stronger than the buffalo," he said. "Dove Finger been good to her enemy. Me no forget."

"I hope your arm does not hurt now," said the nurse, in a gentle tone.

"It no hurt," replied the savage. "It be well in eight, ten days. Your friend do that."

There was a gleam of anger in his eyes as he spoke these last words.

"My friend," she faltered.

"Yes, Great warrior. Run like lapping. Jump in boat. Two. One gray-beard, one boy. What names?"

"You cannot know them," she replied. "The young man is named Philip Sawyer, the older one is John Gray. They are hunters and guides. They were taking us to Naacogdoches."

A murmur from the surrounding Indians showed that the names were not unfamiliar to them. The name "Eagle Eye" was spoken in a low tone by one of the Indians.

"Eagle Eye," she repeated, in wondering accents.

"John Gray you call him," replied the chief, with some difficulty in pronouncing the name. "He good rifle. Fight much with Mexicans. Cherokee call him Eagle Eye."

A sound of approbation broke from the lips of the surrounding Indians at this remark of their chief.

It was evident that the scout was well known to them, and that his skill in

the use of the rifle had won their savage praise.

The lady drew somewhat back from her huge patient. The looks of admiration which he cast upon her were not reassuring. Had she escaped from one danger to fall into a worse one?

It was a highly picturesque scene in which she found herself. The moon was shining brightly through a rift in the clouds, illuminating the group of Indians and captives, and penetrating the shadowy depths of the thicket that covered the hillside above them.

The wounded chief sat on his grassy knoll like a woodland king upon his throne. He bore his arm in the sling they had improvised for it with as much unconcern as if nothing had happened him.

His wild companions were grouped in a semi-circle around him, their dark, fierce faces expressing various emotions, among which wonder at the courage, skill, and pity of their fair captive was predominant.

Laura was still crouched upon the ground, near a fire which one of the natives had kindled. She had lacked the courage and resolution to come to the assistance of her mistress. Her expressions of terror had ceased, but her face still had a scared look.

Captain Wilson had flung himself on the ground at a little distance, apparently desirous to avoid any too close attention of the Indians.

No show of binding any of the captives was made, but one or two of the older warriors kept their eyes closely upon them, noting their every movement.

The fire had been kindled in a slight depression of the ground, with a screen of bushes between it and the river side. It was plain that the Indians did not care to make themselves a target to the two sharpshooters in the boat, who might venture near them under cover of the darkness.

The temporary illumination from the moon ended as the clouds again swept over its shining disk, and only the swift, wavering glare of the firelight remained. Its momentary flashes gave fear-inspiring significance to the dark faces surrounding. Its failing light left a gloom more terrible still. Miss Ambery felt herself shuddering with fear, despite herself.

The suspense of their situation was broken by the voice of the chief, who, after talking in his own language to several of his followers, turned to his captives:

"Dove Finger tired," he said, with true woodland gallantry. "Cold make her shiver. She will try sleep—she and the dark hair."

The latter appellation was given to Laura, who had now risen from her crouching position, and stood behind her mistress, clutching the cloak of the latter as if for protection.

"Dove Finger thanks the chief," said Miss Ambery, accepting the appellation which the warrior had given her. "She is weary, and will sleep. She is a prisoner to the Cherokee, but he will not let her be harmed."

"No," replied the chief, significantly touching his bandaged arm. "Indian no forget."

The warriors to whom the chief had spoken now brought armfuls of soft mosses, which, spread on the long grass of the island, formed a comfortable bed.

The two unfortunate girls yielded to the necessity of their situation, and re-

clined upon the bed thus prepared, the warmth of the fire rendering their improvised couches very pleasant.

Captain Wilson had already cast himself on the grass near the fire, and, to all appearance, was in a deep slumber.

The chief was not long in following the example of his captives. He had borne up against the weakness caused by loss of blood and the pain of his wound with true savage stoicism, too proud to allow any weakness to manifest itself before his prisoners.

He now stretched himself on a couch similar to that prepared for the females, his wounded arm being carefully arranged across his body, and a blanket thrown over his half-naked form.

The other Indians stretched themselves out so as to surround the captives with a cordon of savage keepers. No other precaution was taken, no sentinels stationed, and they all yielded to slumber as if perfectly secure of the detention of their prisoners.

The quick eyes of the lady, however, had noted that the number of the savages had diminished. They were several less in number than they had been ten minutes before. Probably keen eyes were on the lookout for the escaped scouts. They might be engaged, too, in attending to their wounded, of whom there were several on the island.

The excitement, and the strangeness of her situation, kept sleep long from Nellie Ambery's eyes. But weariness at length overcame her, and she yielded to the slumber which seemed to have locked the senses of all around her.

CHAPTER X.

A MORNING MEAL.

The next morning dawned bright and warm. The rising sun soon dispelled the chill of the autumn night, and shot its slant rays brilliantly across thicket and stream. Nothing had happened during the remainder of the night. If the scouts had loitered about the island with the hope of rescuing their friends, they had been deterred by some evidence of vigilance in the savages.

At all events, nothing had occurred, and no alarm been given, and the rays of the rising sun showed no trace of the boat upon the river.

The scouts had evidently considered "prudence the better part of valor," and had removed themselves from a dangerous neighborhood.

The captives had not slept very soundly. Despite their weariness they had been made restless by their unpleasant situation, and their slumbers were broken and unrefreshing.

The morning light revealed this situation to them in all its terrors. The dozen of painted and brutal-looking savages who were lounging around the remnant of the fire, or engaged in various occupations, their fierce eyes turned in doubtful glances upon the captives, aroused very natural fears in the breasts of the latter.

The lines of the war-paint rendered their ill-favored countenances horrible in their dark significance, and it seemed to Miss Ambery that a party of demons rather than of men were moving about herself and her terror-stricken maid.

Captain Wilson had risen and walked, without obstruction from the savages, to the stream, where he was bathing his face, and washing the slight wound upon his head.

The chief had also risen. The soft-

ness which the moonlight had given his features was lost in the glare of the sun, and Miss Ambery gazed with a sensation of fear on the harsh lines of his face.

He walked over to where she stood, and pointed to his wounded arm, on which the bandages had been somewhat displaced during his sleep.

She could hardly bring herself to the task which pity had caused her involuntarily to assume the night before. But all their liberties might depend on her retaining the favorable impression which she had made upon the savage, and she forced herself to yield to his wishes.

With a playful movement she induced her patient to seat himself, and calling her trembling maid to her assistance proceeded to remove the blood-stained bandage from the arm of the chief.

The wound had ceased bleeding, and showed signs of a tendency to heal rapidly, the healthful blood of the woodland warrior bringing only life-giving agencies to its aid.

Sending one of the savages to the stream for water she washed the blood from the wound, giving Laura the bandage to wash, as there was nothing with which to replace it. Finally, winding the wet bandage about the wound, she replaced the arm in its sling, the arterial flow being still restrained by the constricting wraps which his rude surgeons had placed above the wound.

"Dove Finger very kind," he said, in a gentle voice. "It get well now, quick. Her touch soft as the fur of the beaver. The chief like to have her for doctor."

"The chief will not keep me a prisoner," she said, in a pleading voice. "My father is waiting for me in Naacogdoches. The chief will let me go there?"

The Cherokee waved his hand round the circle of savage listeners.

"Twelve voices," he said, "No get twelve voices say 'let Dove Finger go.' Cherokee chief only warrior, not king."

"I am your prisoner, not theirs," she replied. "You can do as you please with me. I am not at war against your nation. I want so badly to reach my father. You will let me go?"

"Yes—some time," he answered. "No hurry. Dove Finger like see the lodges of the Cherokee; learn how Indian live. Sometime go home to father."

"But," she pleaded, a show of tears in her eyes, "my father is in dreadful trouble. His enemies will run him. I can save him. You must let me go."

"What your father's name?" asked the chief, in a colder and harsher voice. She hesitated a moment before replying.

"Mr. Ambery," she at length said.

"Major Ambery," he replied, in a surprised tone. "He your father? He fight the Cherokees. Kill three warriors. You no go to him."

"He only did his duty, chief," she continued, in a pleading tone. "He is a soldier. I have not fought against you. I have only nursed you. You will let me go save my father?"

"Not now," said the chief, with a cunning look. "Want doctor yet. You good medicine. Arm not well. When arm well, Dove Finger go to her father. Cherokee no let enemies hurt her father."

She turned away, sick at heart, from the shrewd savage, who plainly had no intention to release her.

"Dove Finger no leave her friends," said the chief. "Here the dark hair and the soldier. She no want leave them?"

Miss Ambery felt that it would be

useless, indeed, to ask the savages to release all their prisoners, but her remaining in their hands would not ameliorate the condition of the others, and if released herself she might send assistance to them.

"They have no father in prison," she said.

"What can Dove Finger do for father?" asked the chief.

"I can save him from his enemies, who may murder him if I am kept a prisoner. Oh, chief!" she cried, in a deeply pleading voice, "release me, send me to my father, if only for two days! I will return to you and become your prisoner again."

"When Cherokee catch bird he no let it go," said the cunning Indian. "When bird gets its wings spread, it forget. Pale face lady think too much what she can do. Soldiers no mind woman's voice."

"I have documents, papers. Will you send them to my father?"

"Send Indian warrior? They shoot. Colonel get papers. Burn them. No, help your father."

It was evident that the chief knew the character of Major Ambery's trouble.

"Dove Finger no eat?" continued the chief. "See, Indian got breakfast ready."

She turned away, sick at heart, from the food which some of the warriors had been preparing.

"I will appeal to Colonel Bowles," she said, indignantly. "Or to Lone Star, the great war chief of the Cherokees. They are great warriors, and do not war upon women. They will release me."

The Indian smiled as he heard her words. The threat seemed to amuse him.

"No king among Cherokees," he said.

"All warriors alike. Dove Finger my prisoner. Must keep my good medicine. She no eat? Long walk. Will want food."

The Indians had already fallen to their breakfast, with good appetites. The appetizing smell of venison had proved too much also for Captain Wilson and Laura. They were partaking of the viands which their captors had offered them.

"You weak," said the chief. "Want food. No use starve."

He brought a portion of the food to where she sat, on a platter of smooth bark, and placed it before her.

"Dove Finger eat," he said, with a slight menace in his voice. "No use starve."

He returned to the circle of Indians, and commenced himself to eat, with a ravenous appetite, which seemed likely to soon restore his lost strength.

Miss Ambery acknowledged to herself the reason of his words, and with some difficulty managed to eat a portion of the food. In her present state of mind it was very distasteful to her.

The sun had now risen to some height. Two of the warriors had left the circle an hour before in obedience to a command from the chief in his own language.

They were now seen returning, with two canoes, which they had somewhere procured.

They had, in fact, been brought down the river from some place above during the night.

Several journeys were necessary to transport the whole party across the stream in these slight canoes, and an hour had elapsed ere they were all gathered on the western bank of the river.

The captives were now again placed in the canoes, which were paddled up the river by two of the warriors, the others walking in sight through the woods.

Some two miles were made in this way, when they were again landed, the boats taken back down stream by several of the savages, while the others began an overland passage towards the Indian camp.

CHAPTER XI.

COLONEL BOWLES.

It was a long and wearisome walk which the captives were now forced to take. Fortunately for them, the chief was too weak to proceed very rapidly, and they were, in consequence, obliged to walk rather slowly.

Their route lay northward through the woods that bordered Nina creek, extending back a mile from its banks. Beyond this commenced an open prairie, extending several miles to the north.

It was now in all its springtime beauty, and seemed rather a tropical flower garden than a spot planted only by nature. It had not, it is true, the brilliant aspect of the Texan prairies in autumn, when the whole broad sweep seems one unending field of bloom. But the separate flowers were far more beautiful and varied than in the later season, and Nellie Ambery's strong love of nature overcame, in a measure, the deep sadness that was upon her.

Laura walked beside her with a free step, and a more cheerful countenance than she had hitherto worn. It was a terrible thing, to be sure, to be prisoner to the Indians, but she had not been scalped, her hands were not tied, and hope began to spring again in her disconsolate heart.

Captain Wilson was given no opportunity to communicate with his fellow-



"The dove is stronger than the buffalo," said the chief. "Dove Finger been good to her enemy. Me no forget."

prisoners. He was kept at the end of the long file in which the Indians crossed the prairie. His hands were free, but before and behind him walked a savage guard, with their tomahawks ready to their hands.

The soldiers, however, were well aware that such was the case, and they had accepted the situation, with no show of dread or apprehension of what lay in his face. His savage captors might have been his special friends, for all that appeared on the surface.

The camp lay five miles to the north of where they had left the creek. It was placed on the edge of the forest that bordered a narrow prairie, which here opened with a long, level view. The open prairie lay in front, the stream ran to the rear, the savages having thus on two sides natural defenses against surprise or sudden attack.

It was not their usual custom to establish a fixed camp in their raids, but their villages lay far to the north, the war party who had ventured thus far south was spread in small detachments over the country to the southwest, plundering, burning and scalping. Indeed, however, their leader had been shrewd enough to perceive the utility of having a central place of rendezvous for the temporary reception of prisoners and plunder, and whether they might gather for defence in case of a strong attack by the whites.

About twenty savages were grouped about the camp, the others being all out on raiding expeditions. Several bark wigwags had been hastily erected, and other indications of an extended occupation of this place were visible.

A number of prisoners occupied the centre of the camp, their sad, dejected looks showing the hopelessness with which they viewed their captivity.

Their savage guards walked about as if heedless of their presence; yet not a movement escaped the keen glances of these vigilant sentinels, and frowning looks admonished them against using too far their apparent liberty.

The party of new comers was greeted with shouts of welcome and triumph, as the number and appearance of their prisoners were observed.

These shouts were succeeded by cries of rage on beholding the wounded condition of the chief, and the great weakness with which he entered the camp, after his wearisome walk.

Scowling looks greeted the prisoners, and more than one hand was extended with a hostile movement.

The chief observed this, and turned with a frowning face, speaking a few words in the Cherokee tongue. The others instantly fell back, leaving free passage to the captives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN'S AGE.

Assuredly no question possesses more anxious interest to all unmarried women than the momentous one of when they lose the power to charm. And it is beyond doubt that a dread of the advancing years is much more rooted in the minds of the gentler than of the sterner sex, expressing them, indeed, often at an abnormally early age. Only the other day we heard a blooming maiden lamenting the approach of her seventeenth birthday, saying, with a melancholy shake of her pretty head, "I am growing so horribly old!"

In contrast to this was the remark of a gentleman, who, on being asked his age, replied frankly, "I am twenty-seven, not that it matters much, for it has always seemed to me that a man's age was one of the least consequences between twenty-five and forty. I should not like to be less than twenty nor more than forty; between those periods I am indifferent to the progress of time."

Despite all that has been said and sung of the loveliness of immaturity, we don't if any woman of real attractions ever comes into the full glow of her kingdom until she has nearly reached that very age which seems to school girls the utmost peak of youth.

History is full of the accounts of the fascinations of women who were no longer young. Thus Helen of Troy was over forty when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record, and as the siege of Troy lasted a decade she could not have been very juvenile when the ill fortune of Paris rendered her to her husband, who is reported to have received her with unquestioning love and gratitude. Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after, and Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last. Turning to more modern history, where it is possible to verify dates more accurately, we have the extraordinary Blanche de Poitiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II. (then Duke of Orleans and just half her age) became attached to her; and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court, up to the period of the monarch's death, and of the accession to power of Catherine de Medici.

Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon de l'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France, and she was seventy-two when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her. Louis XIV. wedded Mme. de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine II. of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the dashing young General Orloff. Up to the time of her death (at sixty-seven) she seems to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had ever known her personally.

Mlle. Mars, the celebrated French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms especially were celebrated throughout Europe. The famous Mme. Recamier was thirty-eight when Barras was ousted from power, and she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

This list might be still further swelled, but we think we have given enough to prove that a woman need not lose her attractions though youth be gone, and, above all, that if her mind be cultured, and her heart kindly, she shall have a power of never-fading fascination.

More epitaphs are written to show the wit and genius of the living than to perpetuate the virtues of the dead.

FACE TO FACE.

BY J. C. HENDRICKS.

Herbert looked at the judge and said: "The 8—Bank is broke!"

"By Jove!" cried Tom, "all your money was in that?"

Jennie hid her face on Fannie's shoulder, and sobbed.

"Sweet little Jennie, I don't know what to say," said Fannie.

And Jennie sobbed herself to be led away.

"Fred Dayton wants to see you, Jennie," said Tom, "in the parlor."

She left the room gravely.

She found Dayton waiting in the parlor, marching up and down with true masculine impatience.

Before she went in, she looked a moment at the tall, broad figure so buoyant with animation, at the handsome face radiant now with impatient hope, and in her heart there was a glad little song, with the refrain:

"He loves me! he loves me!"

All the gladness was banished from her step and face, however, as she slowly advanced to meet her lover.

He could wait for no formality of greeting, in a very low voice.

"Abruptly, earnestly, with his whole soul in his voice and eyes, he said:

"Jennie, you rebuked me sharply to-day for my presumptuous and insolent speech to your cousin. I acknowledge that I deserved it; but, now that the money is gone, will you not believe me, the dearest hope of my life, the dearest wish of my heart, is to win your love?"

"You are sure it is me you love?" she said, in a very low voice.

"Before I had known you a week, darling, I had quite forgotten that you were an heiress. I only knew that you were the only woman I could ever love, or whose love would be precious in my heart. Surely you may trust me, now. He my wife, and every hour shall prove to you how sincerely and tenderly I love you. Speak to me, Jennie. Why do you hide your face?"

She did not tell him it was to hide her smiling mouth, her dancing eyes, but she smiled him to draw her gently into a close embrace, to take in his own her soft little hand, and tell her sweet and loving words.

"You will be my wife?" he whispered, and then she looked up.

"Yes, I will," she said, blushing, but looking bravely into his eyes, "for I believe you love me, and I love you with my whole heart."

She was only just saying this, when her lips were approaching his, to close the speech. "Don't kiss me yet."

I forgot to mention that Uncle George drew all my money from the 8—Bank before it broke, and has it in safe deposit elsewhere.

"Now you may kiss me,"

"But, Jennie," Fannie asked, when she and Tom joined the lovers some time later, "what on earth were you crying about?"

Jennie never told, but Mr. Tom Hogan made some guesses at a private interview, that Jennie would neither deny nor confirm.

JENNIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY S. F. B.

"Tell me who is here this summer."

Fred Dayton lighted a fresh cigar as he spoke.

His companion replied:

"My wife has a pretty cousin with her this year. An heiress, too, Fred."

"What's the figure?"

"Fifty thousand dollars, from a grandfather, in her own right, and probably as much more when her bachelor uncle leaves this world."

"Is there any chance?"

"She is fancy free as yet, I believe. But, after all, you have no occasion to look out for an heiress with your fortune."

"Bless your innocence, Tom! I could easily dispose of fifty thousand more, if it only brought liberty for the future Mrs. Dayton."

Leaning from an upper window, but concealed by a thick running vine, a lady caught the words of this conversation.

"Upon my word," she soliloquized.

"I am really very much obliged to Tom! So his friend will try to win my money, will he? The impudent puppy! I'll make him pay for this, or my name is not Jennie Willett."

There was a spice of coquetry in the heart of the pretty heiress, and she firmly resolved that if the suitor for her money had a heart, she would add to the sting of her refusal of his offer by wounding that organ, if possible.

So when Mr. Fred Dayton was presented by pretty Mrs. Hogan to her cousin, he found himself greeted with a graceful cordiality that was flattering as well as delightful.

It was on the programme for the pleasure of that sunny June day, that a party was to wander in shady woods for half a mile, and there to enjoy a picnic luncheon.

So, as the walkers marshaled for their procession, it fell out that Miss Jennie Willett found by her side Mr. Fred Dayton.

He was in the net Miss Jennie was spreading for him before the spot selected was reached.

And the lady?

Commenting her flirtation with her heart full of pique, and a desire for revenge, she would not admit to herself what had made her morning so pleasant.

She told herself it was mere gratification that her plans were working so nicely, and the prospect was so fair for her to make Mr. Dayton smart for his insolence.

Yet—and she stifled a sigh at the thought—it was a pity this delightful defiance, this effort to please, was all assumed to gain her money.

She recalled words that proved her new suitor no mere puppy, but a man who had read much and thought deeply.

The summer days passed swiftly, and meaning smiles hovered over the faces of the others when Mr. Dayton and Miss Willett were mentioned or were noted in each other's company, for the flirtation was carried on briskly.

It was only flirtation, to punish him for his insolence, Jennie sternly told her heart, when she caught herself musing over his words; sighing, too, sometimes, as she thought the pleasant summer was drawing to a close, and she must soon dismiss her cavalier from her side forever.

For—and her cheeks burned then—it was to her money all this winsome courtship, and the smiles, the deference, the attentions, were all for the sake of handling her grandfather's legacy.

And while the heiress sighed and mused, the wooer was blessing the lucky hour that brought him to N— for the summer.

He had forgotten the foolish speech he had made about the heiress, and had given his heart to the woman; and he thought how proud a man might be of her beauty and taste when the voice of society praised his wife.

The day came when the full heart found vent in speech, and, as the young couple walked in a shady, lonely lane, Fred's words, warm and tender, spoke the true and sincere passion in his heart.

It was some moments before the answer came.

Jennie had to battle with a desire to put her little hand in his, and give him back love for love.

She had to school her face and steady her voice before she could answer.

"Mr. Dayton, my answer to your question is to recall to your memory your conversation with Mr. Hogan on the porch the evening of your arrival. Every word of it was distinctly audible in my room."

"Then you have been playing with me?" he cried, fiercely.

"I have been endeavoring to prove to you that my money had a human appendage."

It was well for her composure then that he turned abruptly from her, and strode rapidly homeward, leaving her to turn into a narrow by-path in the woods, and sob out all her pain in solitude.

For she realized now, in bitter humiliation, that whatever Fred Dayton had sought in his wooing, he had won her heart.

The tears chased one another down her cheeks, one of the unerring instincts of true love came into her heart, and she felt deeply and keenly that the love she had insulted and rejected was not the false suit of a fortune-hunter, but the true heart seeking which is the only sure guarantee for wedded happiness.

She crept slowly home at last, hiding her red, swollen eyes under her veil, and went to her own room.

Upon her dressing table lay a letter, and as she read it, there came into her busy brain a quick, luminous idea.

"I'll try it," she said. "My eyes are in splendid condition. I'll try it."

She took her open letter in her hand, and went mournfully into the room where dinner was in progress of demolition.

As she appeared, Fannie cried—

"Jennie, what is the matter?" You

look as if you had been crying your eyes out."

"The 8—Bank is broke!"

"By Jove!" cried Tom, "all your money was in that?"

Jennie hid her face on Fannie's shoulder, and sobbed.

"Sweet little Jennie, I don't know what to say," said Fannie.

And Jennie sobbed herself to be led away.

"Fred Dayton wants to see you, Jennie," said Tom, "in the parlor."

She left the room gravely.

She found Dayton waiting in the parlor, marching up and down with true masculine impatience.

Before she went in, she looked a moment at the tall, broad figure so buoyant with animation, at the handsome face radiant now with impatient hope, and in her heart there was a glad little song, with the refrain:

"He loves me! he loves me!"

All the gladness was banished from her step and face, however, as she slowly advanced to meet her lover.

He could wait for no formality of greeting, in a very low voice.

"Abruptly, earnestly, with his whole soul in his voice and eyes, he said:

"Jennie, you rebuked me sharply to-day for my presumptuous and insolent speech to your cousin. I acknowledge that I deserved it; but, now that the money is gone, will you not believe me, the dearest hope of my life, the dearest wish of my heart, is to win your love?"

"You are sure it is me you love?" she said, in a very low voice.

"Before I had known you a week, darling, I had quite forgotten that you were an heiress. I only knew that you were the only woman I could ever love, or whose love would be precious in my heart. Surely you may trust me, now. He my wife, and every hour shall prove to you how sincerely and tenderly I love you. Speak to me, Jennie. Why do you hide your face?"

She did not tell him it was to hide her smiling mouth, her dancing eyes, but she smiled him to draw her gently into a close embrace, to take in his own her soft little hand, and tell her sweet and loving words.

"You will be my wife?" he whispered, and then she looked up.

"Yes, I will," she said, blushing, but looking bravely into his eyes, "for I believe you love me, and I love you with my whole heart."

She was only just saying this, when her lips were approaching his, to close the speech. "Don't kiss me yet."

I forgot to mention that Uncle George drew all my money from the 8—Bank before it broke, and has it in safe deposit elsewhere.

"Now you may kiss me,"

"But, Jennie," Fannie asked, when she and Tom joined the lovers some time later, "what on earth were you crying about?"

Jennie never told, but Mr. Tom Hogan made some guesses at a private interview, that Jennie would neither deny nor confirm.

THE GOLD COAST.—If there exists anywhere outside the boundaries of romance a fable a land which is at once, "a beauty and a mystery," it is probably the Gold Coast of Africa. A sky of unclouded brightness—a luxuriant flora, yielding in the garden the most tempting fruits and rising in the forest into the grandest forms of vegetable life—birds of the most gorgeous plumage—animals and insects of almost infinite variety—give to the external appearance of this coast an extraordinary charm and gaiety. The outward sparkle—the voluptuous sense of easy and relaxed enjoyment—in all tropical countries, become intensified in Africa, from the luminous mist which hangs over the earth. The story of the land is also singularly in harmony with its outward aspects. Its dismal forests offer themselves as appropriate scenes for those superstitious rites and cruel customs in which the natives are known to indulge. Altogether, there is a lurid harmony of tones and colors on that coast, at once moral and physical. The white cottages of the European residents, which appear from the sea as if about to be swallowed up in the luxuriant vegetation, are but the types of a human story. "How weak and wasted seem the white population of the coast in contrast with the abounding nature—how few the houses—how numerous the tombs!"

PERFUMES.—The Persians borrowed from the Medes their taste for perfumes and cosmetics. Such was their predilection for perfumes, that they usually wore on their heads crowns of myrtle and a sweet-smelling plant called lily-of-the-valley. In the palaces of monarchs and individuals of rank, aromatics were constantly burning in richly wrought vessels, a custom of which we find an illustration in the sculptures of Persepolis. The greatest admirer of perfumes among ancient Asiatic monarchs seems to have been Antiochus Epiphanes, of the Illustrious, King of Syria. At all his feasts and games, processions, perfumes held the first place. The king was once bathing in the public baths, when some private person, attracted by the fragrant odor which he shed around, accosted him, saying, "You are a happy man, O king, you smell in a most costly manner." Antiochus, being much pleased with the remark, replied, "I will give you as much as you can desire of this perfume." The king then ordered a large ewer of thick unguent to be poured over his head, and a multitude of poor people soon collected a round him to gather what was spilled. This caused the king infinite amusement, but it made the place so greasy, that he slipped and fell on his back in a most undignified manner, which put an end to his merriment.

THE OLD LICENSE LAWS.—It is a singular fact that in all old representations of the manners and customs of our forefathers, cups and drinking vessels are more plentiful than dishes. The early inhabitants of England no doubt were hard drinkers, especially after the occupation of the kingdom by the Danes, who brought some very bad habits with them. In fact, to such an extent did the drinking evil prevail, that Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, put down a number of ale-houses, and only allowed one to a town. He also ordered that pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking vessels at stated distances, and he who drank beyond three at a draught was liable to punishment.

INDEPENDENCE without wealth is very common, and wealth without independence is probably even more so.

FACE TO FACE.

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEMALLES," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 4, Vol. 54. Each number can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE VERDICT.

The next morning, the judge concluded his summing up, and the jury retired.

They were about about a quarter of an hour, but to the two prisoners in the dock, to Milly, to Tom, to Benson, and to old Mark, it seemed an age—an age of terrible suspense and anxiety. Presently, there was a slight commotion at the end of the court, and the jury returned.

The old judge turned round and faced them.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, gravely, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

The foreman answered, "We have."

"Are the prisoners guilty or not guilty?"

"We find them both guilty," answered the foreman.

"Prisoners at the bar, have you any reason to give why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"I have only to say that I am innocent," replied Herbert.

But Nat, thus appealed to, told the whole story of the murder; how Joe Lay had turned and fired in the keeper's face, to make him loosen his hold; and how, together, they had brought him home and buried him.

"I thought it was all an accident, and that it would be hard if a man was hung for what he couldn't help; but I see now that I was wrong, and that it was my own foolishness that has brought me to this pass. But I call heaven to witness that Master Herbert had no more to do with it than the child unborn, and that the real murderer of Flax was Joe Lay. He bore me a spite because I wouldn't have nothing to say to him; and he threatened he'd make me repent; but he can tell him, is that I would rather stand here as I stand now, than I'd go free with his conscience."

Then the judge put on the black cap, and in solemn voice pronounced sentence of death upon the two prisoners.

The court rose in confusion; the condemned men were carried back to prison; and the trial was over.

"I haven't dreamt it three times, but so it will be," said old Mark to Milly; "there's no getting off now."

Milly uttered a cry of despair.

"No," she said, "it is all over."

The execution was fixed for the 10th of March; and old Mark had been promised that he should see his son twice before this terrible day arrived.

His first interview with Nat was a calmer one than could be expected.

"Look me, father," said the lad; "if I'd my time to come over again, I'd do different. I can see now where's the harm of poaching, and how it's just taking what don't belong to us. I didn't like it when folks called me a thief; but that is just what I was."

"Nay, lad, you mustn't be so hard upon yourself," said old Mark; "and it was all my fault for bringing you up so."

"Never mind about that now, father. The chaplain has been talking very comforting to me, since I came here. I am only anxious about you now."

"Oh, I shall be all right," replied old Mark, hoarsely.

"And you won't go poaching ever again, father?" inquired Nat, in a voice of earnest entreaty.

"Look at me, lad!"

Nat scrutinized him through fast gathering tears.

"You look badly."

"And, may be, I feel worse than I look."

"You worry about me, father, and you needn't. I am quite easy in my mind; and I'd rather be Nat Greysome now, than Joe Lay."

"Nay, my son, you lad," said old Mark, abruptly, hearing the door open.

"Heaven bless you!"

Mark was at his work as usual the next morning; but he seemed so feeble, that Milly went out to him and made him come in to the kitchen. Then he sat over the fire, and dozed until the clock struck eight, when he rose, mechanically, and crawled home to bed.

Milly had obtained permission to see Herbert the day before, and she was now obliged to proclaim, openly, that she was the prisoner's betrothed wife.

Not that she had felt any shame in this avowal, Milly was much too brave for that, but knowing how conscientious Herbert was, and how terribly the mystery, which she had not yet been able to clear up, weighed upon his mind, she almost feared that he would reject her visit upon that score.

Milly had the feeling as if she were going to a funeral as she paced down the long corridor. There were doors on each side, all numbered, and windows with sliding panels to every door, that the warden might be able to slip them back at any minute, and see what the prisoner was doing inside.

When Lardner came to the last cell, he unlocked it; and, telling Milly he should return in an hour, left her alone with the prisoner.

Herbert was so haggard and thin, his eyes looked so unnaturally large and bright, it was easy to realize that this was his last day of life. He had the appearance of a man who was wasting with some disease, which was near its end.

The first thing Milly did, as she stood with her hand in his, was to give him the paper which her father had written. He read it through, and then, he added, very sorrowfully, "My darling, we might have been so happy together!"

She buried her head on his breast and wept.

"Forgive me, Herbert. I meant to be so brave; but, alas! the burden is heavier than I can bear."

"If this confession had only come a little earlier, Milly?"

"Oh, my dearest, what shall I do all these long, weary years alone?"

"I would have you marry, when time has softened this trouble somewhat. You are too young to give up everything to the memory of an old love—"

"Nay," she said, softly; "I shall try and make people love your memory by reason of the good deeds it has incited me to perform."

"My noble, precious wife!" he murmured, tenderly; "I wish I might live,

if only to prove myself worthy of such brave devotion. You have clung to me through weal, through woe, and I have nothing to give in return, but the poor thanks of a miserable man who is about to die."

Milly lifted her eyes heavenward.

"You will never leave me?" she asked.

"Nevermore to part."

There was a short spell of silence after this. Hand in hand, bent to earth, absorbed in each other and their own sorrows, it seemed as if silence explained their meaning as well as words.

A while Herbert spoke again.

"I wish that poor old Joe Greysome, could get off. It is hard lines for him, and also for poor old Mark, who will be left without a protection in his old age."

"I shall take care of him—that is to say, whilst he lives."

"Is he ill, then?"

"I am afraid so. You would not know him again if you could see him now, he is so sadly altered, so feeble and helpless and broken down."

"My father will be very lonely—"

"Stop," she interrupted; "I understand. Do you believe that he would like to live with me?"

"I am sure of it. He said as much when he was here a little while back. My father loves you already for my sake; he will soon love you for your own."

This is such a small favor, Herbert; can I not do more for you than this?"

He hesitated, and then stopped himself suddenly in something he was going to say.

"Go on," she urged. "I could not do too much for you."

"But I was going to ask of you a thing which you

News of Interest

BARBON and Nineweh are lighted with American petroleum.

AN American has opened a dentist shop in the Eternal City, and proposes to make Rome howl.

LAST year the hereditary pensions of Great Britain were £11,350, of which £4,000 is to the heirs and descendants of William Penn forever.

ACCORDING to the new military survey of the Russian Empire, the monarchy extends over 400,327 geographical square miles, or one-sixth of the inhabited globe.

A MAN at East Lyme, Connecticut, has been in bed for six years. He was rejected by his sweetheart, and has consoled himself ever since by lying in bed.

TWELVE States have adopted compulsory education laws: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Michigan, Kansas, Texas, Nevada, California, and from last of January, 1915, New York.

Is Sheffield, England, recently, a workman, who had just been married in church, was met on his return by about fifty of his fellows, and received at their hands as a bride gift a fine leg of mutton. He accepted it with thanks, and soberly walked his way, a leg of mutton in his right hand and his blushing bride leaning on his left arm.

SOMETHING new and pretty in glove boxes is a miniature van (similar to those used in Paris to deliver packages), with horse in the shafts and burly looking driver in the box—all in paper make. You open the door in the rear of the van, and a dozen pairs of nine-buttoned kid gloves greet the eyes. They are done up in perfumed colored tissue, and look "lovely."

ARE you fond of your coffee? An official investigation has just been made in Paris as to the materials of which this "delicious beverage" is made. There are five principal compounds:

1. Burned bread and coffee grounds.
2. Powdered chicory, sand, and brick dust.
3. Chicory and burned bones.
4. Chicory burned, mixed with butter and colored with Russian red.
5. Burned cabbage roots and boiled horse liver.

AMONG lost articles recently found by Paris police and advertised by them, was a bride. The advertisement said: "There was found yesterday at midday a bride, eighteen years, blue eyes, black hair. Can be obtained on application at police headquarters." She was a country girl who came to Paris with her betrothed to get married. They took a cab at the station. On the way to the church the man got out to make some purchases. The driver was tipsy, and instead of waiting, drove on, so they were separated in the wilderness, and the police found the bride weeping in the cab.

THERE is in the Island of Skye, a minister of one of the parish churches who occupies the pulpit which his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather have filled in succession, and who is training up a son to be his successor. Besides discharging the duties of the ministry in his parish, he is chairman of the School and Parochial Boards, road contractor for the district, a noted breeder of setters, which he supplies to the southern markets, a knowing judge of cattle, and occupant of three large sheep farms in addition to his glebe. He is verging on three score, and yet he continues to discharge these multifarious duties and preach two sermons every Sunday—one in the Gaelic and the other in English.

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THE FIRST AMERICAN LAW SCHOOL.

President Woolsey, in his historic address at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Yale Law School, said: "It is worthy of notice that the first law school in the country of any considerable note was founded in the town of Litchfield, next to Bethlehem, where Dr. Bellamy lived. Bellamy's school was begun at least twenty-five years before the Revolutionary war. The law school at Litchfield owed its origin to Tapping Reeve, a native of Long Island, a graduate of Nassau Hall, a son-in-law of President Burr, and so a brother-in-law of Aaron Burr, Vice President of the United States, and was begun in 1784, just after the Revolution was over. Some time before the end of the century, Judge Reeve invited James Gould, a lawyer in Litchfield, a graduate of Yale College of 1791, to take part in the instruction. They continued partners in the school until 1820, when Judge Reeve having retired, Judge Gould became the head of the school, and ere long associated with himself for a time James W. Huntington, afterwards Senator of the United States and Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Down to 1833, when Judge Gould, about five years before his death, discontinued his lectures, there had been educated at Litchfield, according to Mr. Hollister's History of Connecticut, vol. 2, p. 597, one thousand and twenty-four lawyers from all parts of the United States, of whom one hundred and eighty-three were from the Southern States. In this number are included fifteen United States senators, five cabinet officers in the general government, ten governors of States, fifty members of Congress, forty judges of the highest State courts, and two judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

LOCKING UP THE TOWER.

At the present moment, when the free opening of the Tower is exciting such general interest in London, it may not be uninteresting to mention a custom called the locking up of the Tower, which is carried out nightly at 11 o'clock. As the clock strikes that hour, the yeoman porter, clothed in a long red cloak, bearing a huge bunch of keys, and accompanied by a warder carrying a lantern, stands at the front of the main guard-house and calls out, "Escort keys."

The sergeant of the guard and five or six men then turn out and follow him to the outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass with "Who goes there?" the answer being "Keys." The gates being carefully locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arriving once more at the front of the main guard-house, the sentry gives a loud stamp with his foot, and asks, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The yeoman porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria." To which the guard responds, "Amen." The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms," and kisses the hilt of his sword, and the yeoman porter then marches alone across the parade and deposits the keys in the lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign.

ANCIENT INKS.

The ink used by ancient writers was formed of lampblack, or the black taken from burnt ivory, and soot from furnaces and baths. Some have supposed that the black liquor which the cattle fish yields was frequently employed. One thing is certain, that whatever were the component ingredients, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscript, from an inkstand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears as thick as oil, and from chemical analysis, the ink of antiquity was much more opaque, as well as encaustic, than that which is used in modern times. Inks of different colors were much in vogue; red, purple, blue and gold and silver inks, were the principal varieties. The red was made from vermilion, cinnabar and carmine; the purple from murex; one kind of gold, called the purple encaustic, was appropriated to the exclusive use of the emperors. Gold ink was much more popular among the Greeks than among the Romans. During the middle or dark ages, the manufacture both of it and of silver ink was an extensive and lucrative branch of trade, and the illuminated manuscripts which remain are a striking proof of the highest degree of perfection to which the art was carried. The making of the inks themselves was a distinct business, another connected with it, and to which it owed its capital, as well as its emphysema, in colored and gold and silver inks.

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had kept back a couple of shillings, and that was all.

Joe seized them eagerly, and his manner mended again. He even attempted a joke.

"It will be all the same a few days hence," he said. "Husband and wife share and share alike."

"Of course. But how about the passage money, Joe, if you are cleared out?"

"Oh, I shall manage that," he answered, irritably. "You attend to your own business."

Mary suspected that he had some scheme of robbery in his head, but she was careful not to question him further. She answered, in her meekest voice:

"I didn't mean to interfere, Joe; it was just curiosity made me ask."

"Then another your curiosity for the future," he said, roughly. "I hate a prying woman."

She filled his plate, and passed it to him. "You're a good cook," he remarked, as he put his knife into the pork; and again his humor improved.

But he was irritable and uncertain, and Mary knew that the difficulties of her task were almost insurmountable—but not quite, heaven be praised.

Joe drank the ale, but he did not praise that.

Deceived by the mellow flavor, he declared that it was weak.

"Yes," said Mary, softly; "it's poor stuff. But I thought you'd enjoy the spirits more if you didn't have your beer too strong."

"I forgot about the spirits. What is there?"

"A pint of gin."

"That will do. And there's the kettle boiling, if I don't declare!"

"I thought, perhaps, the night being cold, you'd take something hot to comfort you."

"And lump sugar!" continued Joe, his eye wandering round the table, and the semblance of a smile curling his broad, sullen lips. "Why, I do declare, Mary, you've got something like a head!"

"I shouldn't have done much for myself without."

Joe enjoyed his supper greatly; and Mary, with a secret joy that showed on her face, saw that the ale was beginning to take effect. He got almost good-humored under its influence.

"You'll be ready to sail on the 15th?"

"No fear about that."

"And what are you going to do with the brats?"

"Jim's mother will take them."

"And keep 'em?"

"So she says. If not, they can go into the workhouse."

"Of course, and the best place for 'em. They'll be brought up religious there," added Joe, with a leer he meant to be facetious.

"I expect you've got a pretty tidy stock of clothes?" inquired Joe, anxiously.

"Heaps. I was always in good service before I married, and so I collected a store of things of one sort and another."

"That was right; there's nothing like being sartin."

Mary began to mix Joe a glass of spirits, and, moreover, to make it strong. He took a little sip, and then he looked reflectively at the fire.

"Have you forgotten, Mary, that Master Herbert and Nat will be hung to-morrow?"

"No," she said. "Had you, then?"

"I couldn't very well. They was full of it at the Red Lion just now."

"Oh, indeed? What did they say?"

"Why, they said it was all as clear as noonday, that them two committed the murder."

Joe took a sip at the spirits, and looked at her oddly.

"What do you say?"

Her knowledge of his obstinate nature dictated her next answer, which was the best she could have given.

"I say they did, too."

"Then you lie!" replied he, fiercely.

The liquor was mounting into his head, and he was just in that state when the senses are all at their keenest—just before they give way utterly.

"Who else could?"

"Ah! you don't suppose I am going to tell you everything, do you?"

Mary's voice trembled so much with the intensity of her eagerness, that she had to wait a while before she could answer.

"I don't see why you shouldn't, you know. It doesn't signify a straw to me who killed my husband, or who didn't. He was a terrible brute to me, though I never said anything about it, and I'm more than thankful to the man that rid me of him."

"You are just deceivin', now, Mary Flax."

"That never was my way; besides, you must have been pretty blind if you couldn't see I wanted you all along."

"Then, why didn't you have me?"

"Well, you see, Jim wanted me so bad himself, that he made mischief between us."

"I wish I had known that."

"Anything you'd given him would have served him right, that's all I can say."

"I'll tell you a secret some of these days, after we're married and settled down comfortable."

"La, Joe," she said, coquettishly. "You've made me so curious, I don't know how to bear myself. It can't be about the murder, because I'm as sure as sure can be that it was Master Herbert and Nat that did it."

"I thought I told you they didn't!"

"But, of course, I took it for a joke. Anyhow, they'll hang for it, all right, to-morrow; only I should like to know."

"What for?" he asked, turning upon her with sudden suspicion.

"Well—and she took up his glass and sipped the steaming liquor daintily—because, whoever did it, I should like better than ever I liked any one before. For him I'd work my fingers to the bone; for him I'd starve and pinch myself, and leave children, and home, and everything, just out of thankfulness, even if I didn't love him before. I can't think of anything that would be too good for the man that got me out of that scrape."

"I wonder if you are speaking the truth?"

"You wouldn't wonder, if you knew all."

"What is there to learn, then?"

"Well, she answered, laughing, 'you've got your secrets, it seems, and I don't see why I shouldn't have mine. Look here! I added, edging close to him: 'You won't tell, will you?'"

"No," he said, "I won't tell."

"When I found out what he'd done about you, I tried to poison him."

"Never?"

"I did. It made me so mad. There was I wondering what made you give me up, and all the while it was his doings. It was enough to upset anybody."

"Did he find you out?"

"Of course he did! It was in some medicine I gave him the poison, because I fancied the taste wouldn't frighten him; but, as luck would have it, he found out there was arsenic there at once, and took the bottle over to his mother's."

"There," says he, 'if I should die sudden, or be ill or anything, you just take that bottle to the chemist, will you, mother, and ask him if there's arsenic in it, and tell him my wife gave me it, so that it may be known what's happened. If Mary thinks she's going to get me out of the way so easy as all that, she's very much mistaken.'"

"What did you do then?"

"Why, knowing what hung over me, I was obliged to put up with him then, and trust to chance."

"Mary," said Joe, looking very wise, "has your mother-in-law got that bottle now?"

"That she has; for it was only yesterday she was threatening, if I didn't take good care of the children, she would have it analyzed, as they call it."

"Then, if you was to get any one else into a scrape, he'd only have to tell on you?"

"That's all."

"Very well, as we're equal, I don't mind telling you now as I killed Flax."

"What, my husband? Nonsense! Master Herbert and Nat did that."

"No, they didn't."

"Are you sure?"

"About as sure as a man can be when it was his very own hand that dealt the blow."

"Oh, I see," answered Mary, carelessly. "It wasn't them, then, after all. Only Jim was wrapped in Master Herbert's cloak."

"I don't know anything how that came there, nor who dug the body out in an old country farm-house, with my father. Your great grandmother died, as you have heard, when I was born, and so I was my father's only companion. Dearly I loved him, and tenderly he talked to me of all his labors and all his pleasures. At the time I write of I was just eleven years old; a merry, boisterous girl, with big fearless eyes, and a spirit of achievement that was always getting me into mischief."

I must describe our house. The front door opened into a passage that ended by another door which led into our farmyard. There were two tall, narrow windows on either side of the principal door, and five tall, narrow windows on the first story. A heavy cornice hung over this row of windows, and from it rose the steep roof. This roof did not rise to a point. It was surmounted by a kind of summer house of wood, about seven or eight feet square, with a window in each of its four sides. This little chamber, which we called our lighthouse, was itself surmounted by a big shining vane. The interior of the lighthouse was reached through a small trap-door. This trap-door was in the ceiling of the great garret formed by the whole roof of the house. The garret could only be entered by one other trap-door, which opened into my father's room. There was just space enough in the lighthouse for my father's writing-table. There he kept his accounts; there he wrote his letters; on those rare occasions when necessity compelled him to do so. There were his rusty pistols, and his dozen drawers of indescribable odds and ends. There he could see the half of his lands.

Twice a year my father paid the rent for the land he rented adjoining the home-farm, which, as you know, was his own. On the day before the rent was to be paid, the sum was always brought in gold from the bank at the town. Such a proceeding might not be very wise, but it was hallowed by its antiquity. The money was usually kept in a bag in my father's own room. All these arrangements were well known to me, and all the tribe of servants and laborers who lived on our farm knew my father's ways as well as I did. But he was unsuspecting to a fault.

One evening my father had ridden to the town, and had come back with his gold. All the maids and the men were sitting at their supper in the kitchen, and I stood by the fire waiting for my father.



Holt, Jarvis & Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, Dec. 12, 1874.

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NOTICE TO OUR READERS.
We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the appearance of

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL

IN OUR
NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

The numerous characters that are introduced in this story, and the remarkable episodes in the heroine's life, cannot fail to delight and interest our numerous readers.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

By MAURICE F. ROAN.

Lafayette lived six years beyond the three score and ten allotted to man; but if the length of his life were counted by great events rather than by years, we might well say that he lived longer than the oldest patriarch of the ancient time. He was born on the 17th of September, 1757, at the castle of Chavaniac, in Auvergne, France. His family was of the nobles, and the names bestowed on this tiny son of a noble race were formidable indeed, being Marie Paul Joseph Roch Yves Gilbert de Motier. In after life he neither signed nor used the long array. By the death of his father, at the battle of Minden, he became Marquis de Lafayette. His mother died when he was eleven years old, and the orphan Marquis was sent by his relatives to school at Paris, and from thence to the Academy at Versailles.

At the age of sixteen he married his cousin, Françoise Adrienne de Noailles. Older and wiser heads doubtless shook in direful prophecy over this early marriage, but it turned out happily for all that. The wife of Lafayette was more than worthy of her illustrious husband. He knew her true value, and loved her devotedly. Dying, he requested to be laid beside her in the Cemetery of Picpus.

He was only nineteen when he entered the French army. The glittering frivolity of court life failed to please him. Young as he was he did not lack thoughtfulness and keen insight into character. He had read and dreamed of free nations, and when he heard of the Revolutionary struggle in America his soul was fired with enthusiasm.

He heard of the revolt of the American patriots, from British lips, too—those of King George's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, at a dinner given at Metz. To the young and ardent Frenchman it seemed that the Americans had right on their side; he longed earnestly to assist them in their struggle against tyranny. At this time—just after the disastrous campaign of 1776—the future of America as a free country, looked very dark. People in Europe confidently expected that with another blow the mother country would crush the hopes of her colonies. Silas Deane, one of the three American commissioners, was making efforts to procure a vessel. Some French volunteers were ready to embark, but for these efforts the help of a third party was needed. Deane was unable to secure means of transportation. When Lafayette offered his services, the commissioner frankly explained the difficulty.

"I will provide a ship," said the undaunted Marquis; "we must feel confidence in the future, and it is especially in the hour of danger that I wish to share your fortune."

"And it is a literal fact," said Mr. Everett, in the Phi Kappa oration at Cambridge, "that when our beloved country was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, and of rank, to plunge into the dust and blood of our manly struggle."

The French government, discovering that Lafayette was fitting out a ship, ordered him to remain in France. He remonstrated with the ministers by letter, and receiving no answer, stole towards Marseilles, disguised as a courier. Luckily, he escaped discovery, and reaching the vessel, set sail for the field of war, on the 26th of April, 1777.

Sickness was disagreeable and prostrating in those stirring times of long ago, around which history and romance have cast a heroic glamour, so in our present century, and Lafayette fell a victim to that "monster of the deep," but when the fit had passed, he applied himself to the study of English and the art of war. In June he landed at Georgetown, South Carolina. He was hospitably received into the house of Major

Huger. He was delighted with the country and the people, especially the ladies, but he excoriated the mosquitoes.

Congress was in no hurry to accept the proffered services of Lafayette, for at this time General Washington was beset by foreign officers, eager to serve the cause of freedom for the greatest honor and the highest pay. Lafayette was not one of these.

"After the sacrifices I have made," he wrote to a member of Congress; "I have a right to exact two favors; one, to serve at my own expense; the other, to serve as a volunteer."

This declaration pleased Congress. Lafayette was appointed Major-General. The Continental army was stationed near Philadelphia when the youthful Major-General first saw it. It is his description of it that "About eleven thousand men, ill-dressed, and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle; their clothes were patched, and many of them were almost naked; the best clad wore hunting shirts—large, gray linen coats, which were much used in Carolina."

At the battle of Brandywine—Lafayette's first battle—he distinguished himself by his bravery. He was wounded, and narrowly escaped capture by the enemy. His first campaign ended cheerfully, almost hopelessly, amid the miseries of the camp at Valley Forge. Lafayette proved not unworthy of the esteem and confidence of General Washington.

"Our General," said Lafayette, giving expression to a truth which time makes more and more apparent, "is a man found for this revolution, which could not have been accomplished without him."

Even before the great chieftain had taken up the burden of "these cares of state he little loved," angry faction was busy with his name and reputation. Several discontented Congressmen and officers strove to injure him, and, banding together, formed the "Conway Cabal." These malcontents endeavored to gain the brilliant and popular Lafayette over to their party. They even offered him an independent command at Albany. At a dinner at General Gates', a Washingtonian's name had not been mentioned among the toasts, he remarked that there was a toast they had forgotten and he supplied the omission by drinking the health of the commander-in-chief. The clique drank the toast reluctantly, but its members understood that Lafayette would not swerve from his loyalty to the chief.

Shortly after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Lafayette departed for France. The Peace of Paris, which formally put an end to the war, was signed in the beginning of the year 1783. Lafayette was the first to inform Congress of this devoutly wished-for consummation.

Liberty was the passion of Lafayette's life. He bought a plantation at Cayenne, in French Guiana, and sent out a superintendent to teach the slaves and gradually prepare them for freedom.

In 1787, France was reduced to a pitiable state. Oppression, crime, anarchy, and irreligion were seething together, and preparing to deluge the doomed nation with a burning, lava-like flood. Fresh from the purified air of the American Union, Lafayette saw the wrong on both sides. He placed himself as a barrier between the king and the people. While commander of the National Guard, he ordered the demolition of the Bastille. It was not easy to keep order in Paris during the restless days that preceded the grand and bloody outbreak of the Revolution, but Lafayette's voice alone could control the mob. Had there been more like him in France, the guillotine would have found less work to do, and the murder of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette been averted. One cannot help thinking that his calmness in danger and his power of control over himself, as well as others, must have been learned from that friend whom he respected and loved above all others—our own Washington.

The tide was too strong for Lafayette. The Jacobins came into power, and he was forced to seek safety in exile. At Rochfort, he and his companions were stopped by some Austrian soldiers, and conveyed as prisoners to Namur. Austria and Prussia had sent an army into France, and though Lafayette was not satisfied with the government of the day, he was not ready to declare his readiness to defend his country against foreign invasion.

Dragged from prison to prison, he was at last allowed to rest at Olmutz. Here his wife and two daughters visited him. In 1794 Dr. Bollman, a physician of Hanover, and Mr. Huger, a young American, succeeded in liberating him, but he was retaken. It was not until three years had passed that he was set free.

He retired to his estate of Lagrange, near Paris, and the rest of his life was peaceful and happy. He lived for the good of those around him; all his moments were marked by good feelings or kind actions. On the 20th of May, 1834, Lafayette breathed his last. At the funeral, a laboring man endeavored to approach close to the bier, and said, "I am a poor man, but I love you." "That none but the family are admitted there," said the man; "for he loved us all as his children." He was allowed to take a position near the corpse.

POETRY OF THE PEOPLE.

By R. A. M. MOSS.

If the fine poetic sentiments that now fall almost unheeded from the lips of the poor and unlearned were to be carefully collected, arranged, and bound in gilded volumes, what an added value would be given to our literature, and what undying fame to those who, by fortune's unduly decree, are doomed to bear the serious ills of life.

"The best would not have happened, if the worst had not come," said the old Scotch woman.

"That labor for the dead, labor in vain," said an old washerwoman, as a little wreath was being twined for the coffin of a dead child.

And no author, gifted or learned, ever rivaled this sentiment of the old Irish woman who, having applied to a lady for "a flower or two" to put in the hand of her dead infant, was handed a large bouquet, for which she offered payment, and when it was refused, exclaimed:

"May the Lord Jesus meet you at the gate of Heaven with a crown of roses!"

"Oh, many are the poets that are born by Nature, men endowed with highest gifts. The vision and the faculty divine. Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse."

"ONLY."

BY D. L. R.

Only a broken vow?
Only a broken vow?
Only a broken vow?
Only a broken vow?

Where tender new love dwells,
Like mountain, come to a house of woe,
With the sweet, sweet—songs of long ago,
Changed for a telling tale.

Only a broken heart?
Only a broken heart?
Only a broken heart?
Only a broken heart?

A broken heart, what then?
A broken heart, what then?
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MR. RANDALL'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY A. F. LESLIE.

Mr. and Mrs. John Randall were a well-matched couple. They had been married ten years, and had never had the least misunderstanding. Each was devoted to the other, and each did everything possible to promote the other's comfort and happiness. They had two children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively eight and five years; and these little ones came in for a large share of the love in which their parents were so rich.

Yes, they were rich in love, but nothing else. Mr. Randall was a book-keeper in one of the principal houses in the city, but the firm he served could not find it to their interest to pay him a respectable salary. They kept him on seven hundred dollars a year, well knowing that if he left them, some one else would be glad to get the place on the same terms. He knew this, too, and clung to his only means of support, scanty as it was, with a tenacity which those who do not experience such feelings cannot understand.

He had a hard struggle to maintain his respectability, but he maintained it bravely and uncomplainingly. He had a true and noble helpmate in his wife. She loved all their trials and cares unflinchingly, and went bravely to work to diminish them. By her rigid and systematic economy she made her husband's salary support them. It barely did this, and left no room for luxuries; but it was due entirely to her management. And, when her husband came home after a hard day's work, she had always a bright, cheerful smile for him, and a warm, loving kiss of welcome, so that he could not be unhappy where she was.

When he would sometimes fall into the blues when he saw the sacrifices she was making daily, and with wish with bitter pain that he had it in his power to give her more, she would laugh, and, putting her face up to his, say, tenderly:

"Never mind, John; I have you and the children, and I can well afford to dispense with these things."

Then what could John Randall do but love her the more, and thank God that He had given him such a dear little wife. It was getting on towards cold weather, and John Randall was sadly in need of an overcoat; but he could not afford to buy one. With the only spare money he had, he purchased a new dress and a nice, warm cloak for his wife. When she reproached him with not taking a part for himself, he hushed her with a kiss, and told her that he could bear the cold better than she could. But there were bright tears in her eyes as she looked at him.

"It was like you, John," she said; "I don't see what you will do. The weather is growing cold, and you will need an overcoat."

"I shall use my old one," he said, smiling.

"But it is so much worn that it does not look decent."

"I shall be very comfortable, my dear. The coat, it is true, is scarcely a sufficient protection; but the thought that you are comfortable for the winter will make it perfectly weatherproof."

Mrs. Randall was silent, but, as she sat by her husband, her brain was busy, trying to devise some means by which he could procure an overcoat. She meant that he should have it, and that by Christmas.

She was a determined little woman, and when she set her mind upon accomplishing anything, she was very likely to succeed.

For a day or so she continued thinking over various plans, none of which gave satisfaction to her. At last she noticed in a daily paper an advertisement, offering employment to a good copyist.

"The very thing," she exclaimed. "I write a good hand, and write rapidly. I'll apply at once."

She had resolved from the first to say nothing to her husband about her plan, as she wished her present to be a surprise to him.

She set off at once to the place mentioned in the advertisement, full of hope and confidence. She was not successful. The copying had been given to another person. Disappointed, but not disheartened, she applied at several other places, but without success.

Thus a week passed away. Every disappointment only made her more determined. She had fully made up her mind to succeed in the attempt, and she would not be baffled.

At last she made application to Mr. White, a distinguished lawyer in the city. She told him her story frankly and freely, for his kind, gentle manner induced attentiveness, and his firm face grew soft and sympathizing as he heard her story, which she had refrained from relating to anyone else. He offered to advance her the amount she needed; but, though she thanked him, she refused his offer, telling him that she preferred to earn it by degrees. He then gave her a large bundle of papers, and the stationery she needed for her task, and told her she could find employment in his office when she needed it. She thanked him gratefully.

"Your husband ought to be a happy man, Mr. Randall," he said, as she was leaving. "He has a wife whose value it is hard to appreciate."

The little wife blushed, and left the office, with a happy heart.

From that time she applied herself steadily; and often when John, at his desk, imagined her attending to some household affair, she was busy with the work that was to make them both so happy. She found plenty of time to devote to these labors, without trespassing upon her household duties; and the happiness with which she looked forward

to her success made the task seem light.

Mr. White paid her liberally, and seemed to take a real interest in her efforts, so that, in less than two months' time, she not only had a new overcoat, but a new suit of clothes ready for her husband at Christmas, which was only ten or twelve days off.

All this time John was working steadily at his tread-mill life. His old overcoat was shabby and worn, and put his pride to a severe trial; but he bore it cheerfully, feeling happy in the knowledge that his little wife was well provided against the winter. He little dreamed how she was working for him.

At last Christmas morning came. John had worked very late the day before, and had come home worn out; so he slept late on that blessed morning. But the little wife was up by times. The new clothes, overcoat and all, were carefully placed on the chair by John's bedside, where his old ones had been deposited the night before; and Mrs. Randall sat by, waiting to enjoy her husband's delight when he awoke.

At last John opened his eyes, and seeing the lateness of the hour, sprang up. The first sight that met his gaze was the contents of the chair. He stopped in astonishment, and stood gazing at the clothes in mute wonder.

"What does it mean?" he asked, slowly.

"It means that they are yours," said his wife, smiling through her happy tears.

Then she put her arms around him, and told him the whole story. And what did John Randall do but hold her close to his heart, and sob out his love for her?

Well, it was the happiest Christmas they had ever seen. The little wife was amply rewarded for all her trouble by the grateful love of her husband; and John thought no clothes were ever so fine or comfortable as those which constituted his present.

Towards dark there was a knock at the front door, and John ushered into the parlor a visitor, who was greeted by his wife as Mr. White.

When they were all seated, Mr. White turned to John, and said, "I could not deny myself the happiness of looking in upon you to-day, Mr. Randall. I have been in your wife's secret for some time; and my admiration for her conduct has caused me to endeavor to make her a suitable reward. I have come here to-day to say to you that I am authorized to offer you the position of head book-keeper in the house of Messrs. Grantley & Co. Your salary will be fifteen hundred dollars a year, and your duties will commence from the 1st of January next."

Here we drop the curtain. John Randall's wife was fitly rewarded; and throughout the rest of her life (and she lived to a good old age), she continued the light of her husband's eyes.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 10.—AMONG MY NEIGHBORS.

I firmly believe that the pavement facing my window has become the favorite resort of my matronly neighbors. As the Boulevard, to the Parisian, are the most attractive and agreeable lounge for an idle hour, so has our retired street become the favorite resort of the female inhabitants. If, therefore, trifles of family history occasionally reach my ears, the fact arises from the freedom with which they impart to others (upon the pledge of secrecy—a mere matter of form), all their troubles and anxieties, vexations and annoyances.

I have said nothing of blessings and enjoyments, because these seem to be such rarities in our street. I do not mean that my neighbors are always grumbling, far from it, but I do think these women, when they get together, as they do each morning pretty regularly, I do really think they make just a trifle more of petty grievances than necessity demands. I will not go so far as to say, that they purposely exaggerate their domestic cares; but I fancy their domestic pleasures (and they must find many) are hidden in the background of some here. Even upon the question of dress there is always a certain amount of vexation and disquietude. When, for instance, my next-door neighbor exhibited her new summer silk, she regretted that the suit was ill-made, and its color just that shade which did not please her—any other would have been preferable; and she didn't know what to do in the matter of bonnets; and although every one praised the dress, and she said her head doubtfully, and thought she wouldn't wear it, after all.

Mrs. Jones will forgive me for remarking that she seems to be plagued with a large family, each individual member of which is a sad trouble to her, but the quietest child that ever was, should any other person venture to complain. Mrs. Smith is informed that I sympathize with her sadness, which arises from her own that she has neither "child nor child." I regret to hear that Mrs. Brown has boarders who eat her out of house and home, and I am sorry to learn that Mrs. Robinson is sorely perplexed, because she cannot get boarders at any price whatever. Mrs. Tomkins is blessed with a lord who seeks sweet consolation in the cup that inebriates, while her dear sister Jane has married a man who never thinks of spending an evening at home; "what with his societies, and church meetings, and libraries, and temples, and singing classes, and chess nights, and visiting nights," she declares that she "sees nothing of him from one week's end to another." One would imagine that all of these good ladies were square pegs dropped into round holes; and yet, I don't believe they think one-quarter so much about their "troubles," as they say they do sometimes.

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was merely an agent for sewing machines or for some genuine China tea company.

So much for the matinee; the evening entertainments upon our pavement, are restricted to a quiet gossip at the door, or an inquiry as to whether Nancy or John, or James, have been seen in the neighborhood lately. Sometimes the younger people take their turn, but this generally results in a pairing off, to other scenes and other shades, and there is then some mention of a "cutting up" next day.

It is nine o'clock in the morning, let us say. There are three hours yet of dinner time. The small Jones' have gone to school with unlearned lessons, and in a perplexed state generally. Mrs. Brown has returned from market with the supplies. She says she hasn't "a moment to lose," but she remains on the street for two good hours, generally, after that slight demerit, Mrs. Smith brings her parrot to the door for an airing—it perches gingerly upon her finger and swears and pecks at everybody within reach or hearing. Mrs. Robinson is nailing up a new card, announcing "Boarding," which is not true for she has not one. Mrs. Tomkins comes forth with many a weary sigh, and, duster in hand, soliloquizes upon the condition of Mr. T. last night. The several forces eagerly unite and with such reinforcement as may find it convenient to attend, social matters are discussed with alarming freedom.

There is a storm in the teacup this morning, evidently. Mrs. Jones has rushed forth in a strangely excited state. Her daughter, Sarah, has confessed to a strong partiality for the society of Mrs. Brown's son, John—said son John being quite a lady's man, and having, according to Mrs. Jones' belief, half a dozen young lady acquaintances. Mrs. Jones, determined to bring matters to a crisis, last night forbade her daughter Sarah's "ever speaking to the good-for-nothing creature more," and this morning, she requests Mrs. Brown to inform her immediately as to the "intentions" of that bad young man.

Mrs. Brown haughtily replies that she "don't suppose he has any;" whereas Mrs. Jones becomes still more enraged. Then some injudicious friend remarks that the young gentleman and lady have passed up the street together this very morning in close and earnest conversation; whereas Mrs. Brown supposes that her son is "good enough to talk to whomsoever he sees fit," and Mrs. Jones wouldn't "have her daughter associate with the son of a boarding-house keeper, no, not for all the world."

As this engages Mrs. Brown also, and a quarrel seems imminent, Mrs. Jones takes wise refuge in hysteria; then coming slowly to her senses, she declares that she would consent to anything that would secure her daughter's peace of mind, and even goes so far as to ask Mrs. Brown if she really thinks that her son John cares for the girl or not? Mrs. Brown evades the question by declaring that Sarah "seems to be an obedient child, and might, perhaps, make a good wife for somebody," but the tone of her head accompanying this remark is meant to convince the bystanders that her son John looks much higher, and can pick and choose where he pleases. Then follow loud dissertations upon the merits of both parties; but somehow, I fancy, the young people will settle between themselves, without troubling their elders to arrange the matter for them.

And I am right, for presently when the discussion is at its height again, and a quarrel seems almost unavoidable, the two interested parties are observed to be wending their way towards the scene of action. The two mothers now attack their offspring, and jointly desire to know "what this means?" And Sarah blushes very much, and whispers "do tell, John; I don't!" Then John stammers out with considerable hardihood, just as if it was the simplest thing in the world:

"We're married—that's all."

"Married!" echoes Mrs. Jones, despairingly.

"What nonsense," says Mrs. Brown, "the idea of such a thing."

"Fact, mother," says young John Brown. "We didn't want any fuss about it, so we went quietly off this morning, and—"

"Here's the certificate, mother," says Sarah, triumphantly.

She looks quite pretty, I declare, and John Brown puts his arm around her waist and kisses her.

"Well, I always did say that I liked you, Sarah," says Mrs. Brown. "Come in, you're welcome to him. Only to think, though, that the boy I've raised couldn't confide in his own mother."

"You remember I told you last night, Sarah," says Mrs. Jones, "that if John really and truly meant anything—"

"Well, don't stand there," continues Mrs. Brown. "It's done now, and we must all make the best of it; and, Sarah, if you don't mind coming and helping me to get dinner ready—"

"Oh, dear, no," says Mrs. Jones; "nothing of the kind. Sarah isn't a going to slave for your boarders, if I have any voice in the matter. Sarah looks with me until your son John takes her away for good, that I insist upon."

"Well," returns Mrs. Brown, "you needn't be so particular."

But John (sly dog) settles the whole matter, by announcing the strange fact that he had been saving money this long time, and that he has rented and furnished a little home of their own, where both mothers will be welcome always. Then he takes Sarah into her mother's house, and the two elderly ladies shake hands, with tears in their eyes, and follow them. Then, after a time, Mrs. Brown goes in home to attend to her boarders' dinner; and Mrs. Jones volunteers herself to lend a hand, and both profess to be as happy as mortals can be, and the best friends in the world.

Sitting at my window again in the afternoon, I observe that the novelty of the affair has not yet worn away. There is such crossing and recrossing of the street as never was seen before. The young couple are happy, I do not doubt. They seem to be truly so, as they enter the street once more, and accompanied by their mothers and their mothers' friends, proceed to take possession of their new abode.

Mrs. Smith and her parrot are at the door. The parrot, enlivened by the circumstances, perhaps, shakes its sagacious head, and says "good-bye," so here I will leave them with a "good-bye," too.

USEFULNESS to others is separated from usefulness to one's self, as dishonesty is from uncharitableness; both are united in self-love.

HOW SHE WON HIM.

BY FRANK HOLLIS.

Boggs was the name, and Boggs was a bachelor. Suspicious of all women, he naturally evaded their company, and now, at the age of forty, we find him standing before the mirror, heaping invectives upon his washwoman for bringing to him buttonless linen.

Boggs occupied a front room in a stylish brown front, for he was worth a good property, and, to tell the truth, more than one pair of bright eyes had tried to melt his selfish heart of its icy coldness, and at the very moment when he was abusing what he termed the sluggish propensities of womenkind in general, and his washwoman in particular, a charming little widow, engaged in the household duties of the mansion where Boggs domiciled, chanced to pass the door, and heard the following soliloquy:

"H'm! h'm! I wish all women were dead! They have no more respect for men than Brazilian monkeys!"

The little woman laughed outright, for well she knew of his sensitive peculiarities, but notwithstanding these little jolts of ill temper on Boggs' part, she had long striven to entice the "crusty old bach," as the girls called him, in a matrimonial snare.

"Blast them buttons! Confound that fool!" she could hear him ejaculate as the buttons dropped from his linen as fast as his brawny fingers touched them. "I always said women were fools, made up to tantalize a man's very life out of him, and every day that I live I can find more proof of my assertions. Marry! Ho! ho! I marry one of those stupid witches! And yet old Shellbottom had the impudence to charge me with being smitten with that Widow Pinkin! Snitten! Bah! what nonsense! I, Jeremy Boggs, stoop from my dignified position in life to be a woman's slave! I, marry! It's all stuff, and I am ashamed of myself to give it a thought!"

In this manner Boggs continued to soliloquize, while at the same time every word that escaped his lips fell on the ears of Widow Pinkin.

The widow was a clever-looking little woman, and although she had reached her thirtieth year, she had lost none of the pristine beauty which so often caused envy, and perhaps jealousy, among her school companions. With a sweet face, of attractive demeanor, and



THE UNTRUTHFUL PRINCESS.

BY F. H.

It would not be polite for the court physician to say that the Crown Princess told horrible falsehoods. So when the King and Queen called him in to see if anything could be done for the Princess, he said:

"Your Majesties, I can tell you what is the matter, but to cure it is beyond my skill. The Princess intends to tell the truth—in fact, she is peculiarly honest and truthful—but she was born with a singular defect in the tongue, so that she always says quite the contrary of what she means. As your Majesties will see, I cannot cure such an imperfection as this. But I will tell your Majesties who can, and that is the great fairy doctor, who lives under the witch hazel."

The King and Queen were very well pleased to hear this, and took the Princess to see the fairy doctor.

"Can you cure her tongue?" they asked, both together.

"Oh yes," returned the doctor, with a smile that somehow made the Princess terribly afraid. "Go home, now, and you will find that she will be cured within a week."

"But, is there not something to be done?" asked the Queen.

"No; only go home, and you will see."

And, finding them still unwilling to go, the fairy doctor turned his back on them, and refused to speak another word. So they went home, and the Princess was unusually silent, for she had been badly frightened by this visit to the fairy doctor; but, on getting home, and finding herself very much as usual, she grew bolder, and being asked what she had seen, she answered:

"Seen?—why, wonderful things. We met a party of six white bears, who could talk, and I expect them every moment."

The King and Queen looked at each other; but, before they could make any remarks, six white bears entered the palace, and walked up to the Princess.

"We have come to dinner," said the biggest bear.

But the Princess was so frightened that she could not speak a word.

"We are hungry, too," said one of the other bears; while the rest growled, and looked ready to eat the Princess without salt or pepper.

"Tell them to be seated, and the cook to hasten dinner, or we shall all be eaten," whispered the Queen, trembling, to the Princess.

The Princess did as she was told, and the bears sat down to dinner. But such teeth and claws as they showed!

The courtiers shook with fear, while the bears made only a mouthful of a dinner for thirty men, and with angry growls demanded more. The cook, who expected to be torn in pieces, hurried for his life, and the Queen even went into the kitchen to help. The Lord High Fiddistick and all the duchesses and ladies of honor were already there. Roasting, and boiling, and baking, and making biscuit, satin trains in the gravy, and lace flounces in the flour.

You never saw anything like it in your life—till there was nothing more to cook. And still the bears had not eaten enough.

"Oh, what shall we do? When will they go?" cried the Queen, in the kitchen, bursting into tears.

"When the Princess speaks the truth," roared the bears in the dining-room, so loud, that they were heard all over the palace.

"Oh, dear me!" sobbed the Princess; "I will speak the truth, good Mr. Bear. I never saw any bears, and never asked any one to dinner. There!"

In an instant the bears had disappeared, and the dinner stood on the table as if nothing had happened.

After this terrible dinner-party, the Princess was so careful of what she said, that the King and Queen really thought that she was cured.

But one day she forgot herself, as they were all talking of the wonderfully small places through which a human being could creep, and, tossing her head, said:

"That is nothing. I can stow myself away in the tea-kettle. I have done it many a time."

There was a shout of laughter; but, the moment that the Princess had said the words, she rose from her seat, and crawled into the spout of the tea-kettle.

The Queen screamed, and lifting up the cover, there, sure enough, was the Princess, tucked away in the kettle.

"Come out," cried the Queen.

"I can't," sobbed the Princess.

"But you crept in."

Then the Princess tried to get out, but it was of no use. Then the courtiers tried to pull her out, but that was of no use.

"At least," said the Princess, "take the kettle from the fire, before the water begins to boil."

Then they tried, but they could not budge it an inch.

The Princess screamed.

"Oh, I shall be boiled! I shall be boiled! Run for the doctor!"

Half a dozen men ran for the fairy doctor.

"Tell her, if she does not wish to be boiled, to speak the truth," answered the doctor.

Back came the men, not a moment too soon—the water was getting uncomfortably warm.

"What did she say?"—oh, what did he say?" cried everybody.

"To speak the truth, if she does not want to be boiled," answered the messengers.

"Oh, it burns!—I was never inside a kettle before!" squealed the Princess.

And there she was, standing on the floor like the rest, and quite cured of her love for uttering falsehoods. She has never told an untruth since.

Be brave, be noble, be true, and you will pass through the coming years as through a white columnade of monumental pillars.

To mingle the useful with the beautiful is the highest style of art. The one adds grace, the other value.

Time has delicate little waves; but the sharpest-cornered pebble, after all, becomes smooth and blunt therein at last.

THE CRIMSON SUIT.

A Fairy Story for Little Folk.

BY M. V. D.

Earl Botolf was old enough to go to Court; but his lordship was as poor as a mouse, and had no horse to ride or clothes to wear. In this perplexity, he walked out one night, thinking what on earth to do, and walked till he came to a shop, at the door of which stood a man.

"Would your lordship like a new suit?" asked the man. "We have got one that will fit you to a T."

"No," answered Botolf. "I have no money."

"That makes not the least difference," answered the man. "You can have anything that may please you in my shop, on one condition."

"And what is that?" asked Botolf.

"That you shall wear the clothes that you may select for a year and a day."

"That is easily done," said the Earl. And going into the shop, he selected a magnificent suit of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. On putting it on, he felt something rattle in his pocket, and took out a little ivory horse and twenty little ivory men. As soon as these touched the ground they began to grow, and the Earl found himself not only with a handsome new suit, but with a fine horse and twenty followers.

Of course, the first thing his lordship did was to go to Court, and the second was to fall in love with the King's daughter, and marry her in two months.

All this time Earl Botolf wore the crimson velvet suit, as he had promised; for though he had tried to find the shop again, he had never succeeded.

"So the least I can do is to keep my promise, and wear the clothes for a year and a day."

By-and-by, however, his wife said to him: "My lord, why do you wear that crimson velvet suit? I am sick of seeing it."

The Earl made her some answer to divert her attention, but the Princess would talk about the suit. When she found that he paid no attention, she began to cry; then she pouted; then she coaxed.

To all this the Earl only said, "I have promised, and I must wear it."

"Fiddistick!" cried the Princess. "Promised an old clothes man. So you care more for a tailor than you do for your wife."

And being now quite determined to have her own way, she went to her father to complain of her husband's unkindness.

"Be patient," said the King. "He cannot refuse me."

So the next day he sent the Lord High Fiddistick with ten wagon-loads of splendid garments.

"The King begs you will accept all these garments," said the Lord High Fiddistick, "and send him in return that crimson velvet suit that you have worn now for nearly a year."

"I am very sorry," replied the Earl; "but the promise that I made in poverty I will keep in prosperity. I cannot wear any other clothes."

The King flew into a passion when he heard this.

"We will see," said his majesty. And he ordered one of his officers to take the Earl to prison.

The Princess was very sorry for that; but the King was now so angry that he would not listen to her; and the Earl was shut up in the King's dungeon till the year and the day was quite past.

On this last day, as he lay on his straw bed, half asleep and half awake, he heard two mice talking together, and the one said to the other: "The year and a day is now past, and the wicked gent who wished to destroy Earl Botolf can no longer touch him; but if he had not so strictly kept his word, and at any time have taken off his crimson suit, which was enchanted, then he would have been destroyed at once. Do you see?"

"I see," answered the second mouse. And then they went back to their holes.

But Botolf sent for the King, and told him what he had heard, and how a year and a day had passed, and he might now wear all the colors of the rainbow, if he liked; whereupon this highly reasonable King took him out of prison, and no more was heard of the tiresome crimson suit.

"THE WAY TO CONQUER,"—I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw, and with his relentless teeth he worked backwards and forwards on its surface till they were all torn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer; "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way!" but at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked a small flame. But he despised the flame; but he curved gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist love.

"JOINING IN THE CRY WITHOUT KNOWING WHY."—There was a disturbance in the kennel; a hound had had a bad dream, or a sudden twinge, and he began to bark; then eyes opened, heads rose, ears pricked up, and the chorus increased till every throat in the pack helped in it, except an old hound that lay at the end.

He watched and listened awhile, till his neighbor, noticing him, cried in great excitement, "Why don't you bark?"

"What are you barking at?" he asked in reply.

"At—at—I don't know; every one else is barking," said the other.

"Just what I suspected," said the old dog; "ask up the kennel what it is for, and if you can find out, and it's anything worth barking for, let me know; it'll be time enough for me to bark then."

SOME minds magnify little objects and belittle great ones, as the telescope makes the planets larger and the fixed stars smaller.

Do the best you can, whatever you undertake; if you are only a street-sweeper, sweep your very best.

THERE is a chord of love running through all the sounds of creation, but the ear of love alone can distinguish it.

IN DREAM-LAND.

BY ANNA ALICE BROWNE.

All the sweet night that is faded and gone, From the blush of the eve till the break of the dawn, In a garden of odor and blossom divine We met, in a vision, oh, lover of mine!

Around as the midnight lay starry and lone, With the breath of the sorrowful autumn ever-blown— But love in our hearts bloomed, a beautiful May That no wind of the autumn could wither away!

Softly the dream-beauty covered thy face, As I leaned on thy breast in a thrilling embrace— And my own bosom blushed like a dawn-tinted rose, In the flame of the wild heart that trembled below.

Oh, the sweet light in thy sweetest of eyes— Oh, the sweet bliss, and kisses, and sighs— And the red lips that blent like the hues of the wine, In a rose wreathed bosom of Hesperus divine.

The starlight has faded—the garden's o'er-blown, With the wind of the sunrise, and I am alone— But thy kisses are burned on my heart and my brain, And I drink their wild rapture again and again.

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The starlight has faded—the garden's o'er-blown, With the wind of the sunrise, and I am alone— But thy

The captain's boat headed a little to the right, still racing sharply with Dick. There was a wild flash in the young harpooner's eye, and a glint of mischief on his lips, as he pulled. Every stroke was perfect, he seemed to be practicing before a watch. His handsome face glowed with health, and as yet the terrible strain had not made him draw a quick breath. No need of that, when he could pull a four-mile race at his best speed, and come in as fresh as a daisy, when other men faint from the strain upon their physical powers. Nearer and nearer they came to the flying whales, while the words of hoarse orders, straggling from the lips of Weston, began to pull.

Dick was waiting for the word. He knew that the whale was not far off, but he would not turn his head, or allow one of his men to do so. He watched the face of the mate and saw that it was hopeful and bright, and that was enough for him. He saw the other boats near the whale, it seemed to him that he was alone, with one object in view, to reach that whale and strike.

"Spring," whispered the mate. "Spring, spring, lively, lively, spring. Hang on like grim death, and we win this heat. Pull, if you start everything. Draw her out of the water with your oars, but pull. For love, honor, and liberty, gentlemen! Dick! I would not speak of fifty lives to one like you, but start her for your honor. Take care now. Stand up, harpoon!"

At that word, for which he had waited so long and anxiously, up sprang Dick Fenton, and planted his foot upon the cleat. Under his forehead, as it seemed, lay the father of all sperm whales, a great, wrinkled giant, larger than any one which Dick had seen during the cruise.

"Moby Dick," I would not speak of fifty lives to one like you, but start her for your honor. Take care now. Stand up, harpoon!"

It was an hour to be marked with a white stone, and never to be forgotten. He had waited for this hour through all the months of his voyaging, and it had come at last.

The bright steel glistened in his hand as he raised it above his head, and his eyes were fixed upon the point where fatty had so often told him to sink the harpoon. Every muscle seemed to turn to steel, so rigid did it become in the moment during which he poised the broad barb.

"Give it to him!"

A beam of light flashed from his hand and he dropped into his place in the bow of the boat, which shot back to the low distance. Dick, looking over his shoulder, saw the broad flukes in the air, as the giant leaped down into the sea, and as he looked he was satisfied.

He had done his work, for there, firmly fixed in the back of the whale, driven as deep as any harpooner could have done it, stood out eight inches of the shaft of the harpoon.

"Well done, Dick," cried the mate. "I'll back you against the world now, for no man could do better. You can go home and say that you have done what few gentlemen have done, harpooned the biggest whale I ever saw in the North Pacific. Take a rest, lad, he's a big 'un, and will stay under half an hour."

The sperm whale has been known to sound for over an hour, but in most cases, the duration of his stay depends upon the manner in which the harpoon has been planted. Sometimes he is sulky, and lies far down in the sea, refusing to move his great bulk, even when they drag at the line above, although this generally has the effect of sinking him to the surface. In this case the whale had been hit hard, but, sulky ferocious, he remained beneath the surface, full of impotent fury.

"He is rising," said the mate. "Change places, Dick."

They passed each other in the centre of the boat, and Dick began to coil away the line as the whale rose, and the moment the gray back appeared, Weston sent his lance into it, driving the weight of his body upon it. The boat then backed hastily, and it was well they did so, for the fury of the monster was beyond description. He dashed here and there, dragging the boat after him, and seemed to be searching for them.

"He acts like a fool," said Mr. Weston. "If he wants to claw us up, why don't he make a rush at us?"

For ten minutes the whale kept up this exercise, and then settled again, and the boat once more approached him, and the mate again planted the lance in his side, behind the dorsal fin. The huge mass again started, the boat recoiled as before, and waited for his fury to subside.

"He dies hard," said the mate, as the whale was seen dashing madly to and fro, "but why he don't come at us I can't tell."

"I think I can tell you," said Dick, who had been looking closely at the whale, and had noticed something which the others had not noticed.

"And what is that?"

"He is blind, and for that reason it is hard for him to find us."

"It was true, the giant whale was blind, but how?"

Gossip.—We condemn gossip—scandal's twin sister—yet it is a fault easily committed. We begin by a gentle deprecating reference to somebody's infirmity of temper, and we find ourselves specifying a particular time and scene, which straightway the one who hears tells again to some one else with additions, slight, perhaps, but material. Before we know it we have stirred up a hornet's nest. This may be done without any more potent motive than a mere love of fun, and half the gossip in the social world is of the unthinking kind, indulged in merely from a spirit of drollery. Far worse is that other sort of talk which ends in slander and begins in malice, and which separates friends and sows the seeds of discord. The only way to avoid this evil is to refrain from making the affairs of our friends a staple article of conversation in the household. There are plenty of subjects at hand—let us avoid personalities.

They who would rule safely, must rule with love, not arms.



LOW PEOPLE—Dwarfs.
HENDON—A Boston boy.
A GROSS grocer. One who trusts.
MONTANA is short of women now.
TOLERANCE is the wet nurse of prejudice.

WHICH times are the best? Meal times.
ONE had thing about gold. Not having it.

ONE way to get a roaring trade is to buy a menagerie.
A FRIEND that sticks in prosperity and adversity—Mudilage.

THE best way to rise in a lady's estimation is not by staves.
STANDING on the dentist's doorstep will often cure toothache.

A MAN cannot expect a half a loaf when he loafs all the time.

WHEN is money damp? When it is dew in the morning and mist at night.
DON anything about the defendant strike your eye as remarkable? asked a New York judge of the plaintiff in a case of assault and battery.

"It did, yer honor."
"And what was it?" continued the judge.
"His fist, yer honor."

A SUCCESSFUL CONJURER.—"John has never given you a ring," said Katie's sister to her one day. John was Katie's lover.

"Never," said Katie, with a regretful shake of the head.

"And he never will until you ask him for it," returned the sister.

"Then I fear I shall never get one," was the reply.

"Of course you never will. John is too stupid to think of such things, and you can never pluck up courage enough to ask for one, it follows that you'll never get one."

This set Katie to thinking, and to what purpose we shall see.

That evening her lover came to see her. He was very proud and happy, for the beautiful girl by his side had been for several weeks pledged to marry him as soon as the business could be properly done, and John was a grand good fellow, notwithstanding his shyness to certain polite manners.

"John," said Katie, at length, looking up with an innocent smile, "do you know what a conjurum is?"

"Why, it's a puzzle—a riddle," answered John.

"Do you think you could ask me one I don't guess."

"I don't know. I have never thought of such things. Could you ask me one?"

"I could try."

"Well, try, Katie."

"Then answer this—why is the letter D like a ring?"

John puzzled his brain over the problem for a long time, but was finally forced to give it up.

"I don't know, Katie. Why is it?"

"Because," replied the maiden, with a very soft blush creeping up to her temples, "we cannot be wed without it."

In less than a week from that day Katie had her engagement ring.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

(Communication intended for publication in this department should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia.)

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1. A consonant. 2. To decay. 3. A sweetmeat. 4. A capital of one of the United States. 5. A color. 6. Anger. 7. A consonant. Centrals form a capital of one of the United States.

LITTLE ONE.

1. Consonant. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. An empire. 4. An insect. 5. A vowel. Centrals form an empire.

A CENTRAL PUZZLE.

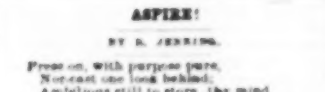
1. An animal. 2. A piece of ground. 3. Anger. 4. A partook of food. 5. Color. 6. Advanced life. 7. A sort of preserve. 8. A sort of liquor. All the above are words of three letters, and the centrals form a rich country.

LITTLE ONE.

LOGOGRIFHS.

What word is that implies much sorrow, Despair and gloom, no joyful merriment? Clouds now surround our way. Add but one letter, thus arranged, To sunshine all the gloom is changed; Love things its brightest ray. Yes, pain to pleasure now gives place, And fondest smiles light up the face.

R. A. I.



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R. A. I.

WRING FROM THE GRAVE;
OR,
The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON.
AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," ETC.

(This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers may be obtained from the publisher, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SOME OLD CHARACTERS UNDER NEW CIRCUMSTANCES, AND HOW THEY BECAME THEM.

The face of the city seems alone to have defied Time in the years that are gone. Shaming the artifice of human nature, her new dresses of paint and varnish become her veil, and in many portions she is newer than before.

As the old lady, "Through the alley," as the old lady had located it, may have put on a heavier coating of her dingy dust-gar, but it stands just as it was wont to do, until you would hardly observe its additional shabbiness as you pass up the rotten stairway. An old woman, more shrunken and bent and hideous, if possible, than ever, sits in an old arm chair, and mouths unintelligible jargon of "Caspar" and "Edred," indifferently to the strangers about her, or the unresponsive attitudes. Mrs. Blount wears widow's weeds, with the melancholy conviction that she is not a widow after all. And Jerry has grown to be a bearded man, but the accumulation of responsibilities have not improved him, for petty larcomies have given place to felonies, and the consciousness of being ever a fugitive from justice has not lent a more pleasing expression to his countenance.

Ned has, indeed, been the first to leave his prison, but it was for a brief time. And Charles Lewis serves on his time, his dark hair becoming interwoven with gray, his visage sterner and harder than ever. And through all the labor imposed upon him, and which he executes with a deft and willing hand, he wears a morose thoughtful look, and the aspirations of his life seem narrowed into one fixed purpose. But of that we will speak anon.

Just as it appeared when little Evelyn was brought home by Mrs. Danvers, closed the establishment of "Danvers & Leslie" to-day. Not one hour older seemed the building with the marble front and the heavy plate glass windows. And looking in, you beheld as you might think, the same same heaps upon heaps of goods, the same well-dressed automatic clerks, and as it appeared, the same bright lines in the carpet upon the floor.

Glancing into the half counting-room, half lounge, belonging, or rather appropriated to the heads of the firm, you would find Rochester Leslie about this morning, while Philip Danvers occupied the red Morocco chair before the fire. He was alone, and on observing him more closely, you would find that his head also had been bleached whiter than of yore, and that the furrows of thought and care had deepened on his fine old face, for the beginning of this man's life had been a stormy and eventful one, and there were many memories lurking in every dark shadow that had grown more and more oppressive as the years rolled by, and the high aspirations of his proud heart had become circumscribed by age and infirmities.

Poor Eugene, had likewise been relieved of the burden of life, but the manner of his release had been painful, almost beyond endurance to the aged couple, left all alone in their grief. Sitting in a club-room one night, he had ascended to two men in an angry discussion until they drew fire-arms upon each other, when rushing in to separate them, he had received the two balls in his own body, one of them having passed through his lungs, and he was taken home in a dying condition.

"Take me to her old room," he whispered to his mother, when they brought him in. "We have never entered it, you know, since she was taken away, and I want to see it. You will know me beside her. And, father, be kind to Cecil, for my sake."

It was the first time they had ever directly mentioned Miriam to each other since her death. Having persistently refused to hear one word that could criminate her, Eugene died, as he had lived, in utter ignorance of her guilt.

"It is far better so," he had said to the broken-hearted old man who sat sobbing by his side. "You do not know how long and how anxiously I have prayed for this, father. Life has been the weariest of burdens to me. Only promise me to be very patient with Cecil."

Thus Eugene had passed from life into death, interred for the child of the woman who had blighted all the fair promise of his own early manhood, and the aged couple had dwelt alone in their princely home, uncheered by the presence of youth, until within the past year, Miss Violet Lowe, a haughty young beauty of eighteen, proud of her lineage, but poor in purse—a great niece of the present Mrs. Danvers, had come over from England to be adopted by them, and to inherit their fortune.

He was pleased with the selection he had made from this far-off branch of their house, for Philip Danvers, even now, still had an eye to the picturesque and beautiful, and this young lady elicited marked attention wherever she goes. But she is insolent, with all, and has never humbled herself, even to him, though she knows that a million of money hangs on the scale of favor in which he may weigh her.

Does she think that the light of her face, and the sound of her voice is worth it? She is uniformly polite, but she has never yet met him, at gate or door, with a single care, as so mere a child might have done. And though piqued and resentful, he yet admires her for not yet learned to feel.

Thinking of her, Mr. Danvers took up a silver bell at his elbow, and rang it sharply.

A tall young man—very young he seemed, with dark curls clustering over his head, a delicate, handsome, and clear large eyes, soft as a woman's looked in at the door.

"Come in, St. Julian." The face of the young man seemed yet more, as he walked reverentially up to the gentleman.

"Take a seat, there before me," said Mr. Danvers, turning slowly towards him. "We must have a talk with each other. I wish to understand you fully, the subject upon which I have spoken to you before is dropped between us. You thought, at our last interview that you must decline the service you could do us in India. Speak to me more seriously, St. Julian; the matter must be settled to-day."

"My mother will not hear of it, sir," said the young man, in a rich, musical tone, "and you yourself have assured me that my first duty is to her. To take her to India in her present state of health, and I am sure that the unaccountable as well as physical nervousness of which we have spoken increases each day would be in effect to murder her, and my going without her would be equally so. Yes, sir, anxious as I am to repay you for all your kindness to me, and, above all, to her, I must decline."

"I commend your decision," replied Mr. Danvers, slowly, while fastening his eyes upon the young man with a strangely searching glance. "No, it is evident that some one else must fill the still vacant post. Has Cecil Dupre been at your desk to-day?"

"I think not, sir. Indeed, I am sure not, for Mr. Vance, the cashier, has just been looking for him."

"The idle young scapegrace! Patience ceases to be a virtue when dealing with him. What Rochester Leslie can mean by allowing his daughter—But that is no business of mine. Did Vance communicate to you the painful discovery he has made?"

The young man's face flushed to a deep red, and, as he suddenly became pale again.

"Yes, sir," he answered, rather nervously, "he informed me that he had your instructions for doing so. He—He told me last night, and I have been thinking of it ever since. I can't see how the money could have been taken. Has John Hanscroft been over the figures?"

"Yes, but I would as soon trust Vance's head in an affair of this kind as the head of Charles Davies or Bourdon. He cautioned you also, from me, that you were not to breathe one word of the matter, especially to Dupre or to Walter Ward."

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, coloring again under the continued gaze of his employer, "and I have, of course, obeyed his and your instructions. Speaking of Mr. Dupre, he suggested to me that Walter Ward be named for this post in India."

"Considerate of Cecil, truly," answered Mr. Danvers, with a wave of the hand, as though he would put the individual in question apart from the discussion. "Has Ward himself been spoken to?"

"I heard him tell Mr. Vance, sir, that nothing would gratify him more than to be selected by Mr. Leslie and yourself."

"Very well. You can return to your post, and send the young man in."

The person he had been addressing retired with a bow, and closed the door behind him.

"He colored strangely," mused Mr. Danvers, with a heavy frown; "it is possible that St. Julian Manning can be the guilty party, after all the tears and prayers of his excellent mother, from whom I have striven in vain to learn something of the father's mysterious history? I cannot lose sight of the deep and painful interest with which he has inspired me from an early childhood. Yet he or the other must be the thief. Come in, Mr. Ward."

The door had opened again, and a second young man, something taller than the first, broad shouldered and faultlessly shapely in symmetry, with a full, fine face, and large, dark, brilliant eyes, and perhaps in the cut of the features, perhaps in the expression, puzzlingly like the other, advanced with a bolder step, and stood at Mr. Danvers's side.

"Mr. Ward," began the gentleman, in a more formal tone, "St. Julian Manning has just mentioned that in the discussion as to which of our most trusted young men it would be best to send to Calcutta, you yourself, if such a selection should be made, might not be unwilling to go there in consideration of the advantages that might accrue to you."

"If I can have the confidence of this house, and be assured that the interests of that may be enhanced by my exertions, in advance of all selfish considerations I should earnestly solicit the appointment," he replied, in a steady, unwavering tone.

"Then I may tell you that Mr. Leslie has made the suggestion more than once, and that it now meets with my approval. I have a note from him, requesting that you call at his house, at one o'clock to-day, as he is still too much indisposed to be here; and that you bring the cash book of which you spoke to Mr. Vance, with you. Now for a single question before you go. Are you still laboring under the rather odd impression that some one has been tampering with your figures?"

And the same searching glance was fastened upon him, that had been bestowed upon his predecessor, but this time without result; for the clear, resolute eyes looked with the same unflinching expression back at Mr. Danvers.

"I know it, sir. I wish you would command the cashier to compare notes with me at once."

"Our advisers from India keep him rather busy at present. Attend to your safe, and the results cannot be affected for good or bad in the next few days; at the expiration of which time I promise you the matter shall be further investigated. But what possessed you with the idea in the beginning?"

"A positive recollection that the result of my computation was different."

"The best of memories—like the best of friends—will betray us sometimes," said Mr. Danvers. "They are not to be

trusted too implicitly. Your book squares with your cash box?"

"And for that very reason, I am the more convinced," returned the young man, earnestly. "There are evident marks of an eraser, as Mr. Vance agrees, and the figures, though very like, are not mine."

"The eraser is put for your legitimate use, you know, in case of any accidental entry, of which the best accountants are sometimes guilty," replied Mr. Danvers, looking down at the rug for a moment, as though he would question that, too. "The figures, you admit, are like your own."

"Yes, sir; but I could swear they are not mine."

"Yet you and St. Julian Manning alone have access to the desk. Do you think he could have done it?"

"By no means. What could he attempt such a thing for?"

"I can't say, I am sure," replied Mr. Danvers. "There must be some mistake. Would he, or anyone else, swear that the figures are not yours?"

"Manning is inclined to think they are mine," responded the young man; "and Mr. Vance is of the same opinion, but I am positive that they are mistaken."

"It is a matter of no great consequence, and it may be readily investigated, now that you have called our attention to it," said Mr. Danvers, as he reached a massive gold pen with a sparkling jewel on the summit, from the stand.

"But it will be late ere you reach Mr. Leslie's house, unless you should choose a cab. Will you oblige me by looking in, when you are quite ready, for this card?"

"With pleasure. I shall walk up, and will go at once for my hat and book."

"One other request then, Mr. Ward. Will you be so good as to put the ledger under your cape, so as not to attract the attention of the clerks in the house?"

The young man's eyes were again raised in some surprise to his employer's face, but Mr. Danvers was writing, and he bowed and withdrew.

Passing a few moments later he looked in, and the gentleman again beckoned him to his side. "Give this note to Mr. Leslie. It empowers him to invest you with any authority he may deem advisable."

Walter Ward expressed his thanks in a few brief, manly words, and went out again, past the desk of the cashier, who turned as he went by, and favored him with an unusual degree of observation, passed the well-dressed clerks who smiled at him with more conventional indifference; passed the inspectors of splendid heaps of goods, who neither looked or smiled at all, into the bustling street.

Well formed, well dressed and erect, his handsome face, indicative of intelligence and thought beyond his years—with a far-reaching shadow of subdued memories in his large lustrous eyes, he moved on, apparently unconscious of his surroundings; while, blushing young ladies glanced up at him from the corners of drooping lids, and "wondered who he was?" as he passed.

Miss Violet Lowe dropped her Brussels-covered parasol, as she got out of her carriage at Mr. Danvers's door, and Walter picking it up presented it to her, with a graceful bow. Her "thank you" came only after she had languidly lifted her silken lashes and looked at him, but too late for his ear as he had moved on.

"I fancied it might be this very troublesome St. Julian Manning, and desired to punish him for the tiresome habit he has of never being out of the way," she murmured. "I don't think I should have disliked him, if I had not seen from the first, how deliberately this Danvers's relative of mine has planned the little arrangement—as though I should take to all his pets, cats, dogs, women and men, because he wills it," and her silken train swept the dust from the walk as she went in.

Did she dream that the handsome young man she had looked at approvingly just now, had a beggar's meal once grudgingly given him by the Danvers's cook? Does the intelligent reader recognize the barbarous, forlorn and nameless out

pered the boy indignantly. "And didn't you see that long-nosed Master Birch whack young Trigg over the head with the ruler to-day?"

"Yes, but Chad Trigg was laughing, and wouldn't get his lesson," explained Walter, eagerly. "And he was very rude to Mr. Birch."

"Rude! Of course he was. Who would take the trouble to be polite to such a shoddy? If I had had my pistol I would have shot him. Are you going?"

"Oh, no," replied Walter, frankly. "I like here, and I am going to stay all my life."

"Then you are a dirty, beggar's brat, and have been used to nothing," returned the young fellow, contemptuously. "I shall write to mamma once to come for me, and, if she don't, I'll bolt."

And Walter crawled into his bed, lying awake to speculate what this small gentleman had been "used to," that he did not like his present quarters.

The teachers had informed him of the nature of his obligation to Mr. Leslie, and how incumbent upon him it was to work to the extent of his ability, and after that he very rarely took part in any of the games, even at recess or in the afternoon, and he went to the gymnasium only when commanded to do so. He dressed well, and soon stood unchangeably at the head of his class. He had never thought of assuming any superiority on this account. And in like manner no idea had ever been awakened in his mind as to why he might not be the veriest aristocrat in school.

The true story of Cecil Dupre's mother had never been divulged here. To free Eugene had been all that Philip Danvers had asked, and when this was done, he naturally preferred for all their sakes that her evil record should perish with her. Her friends had all followed her to the grave under the impression that her mind had been destroyed by the cruel kidnapping of her only child, and that, unconscious of what she did, her life had been sacrificed to this bitter grief, so that not only a full condonation but a generous sympathy had been accorded her. And Cecil on his return had found himself suddenly a hero. The child of a distinguished French officer, and stepson of Eugene Danvers. He could have had no finer passport into the very best society than this. Eugene had died without a will, but had requested his father to bestow upon Cecil the hundred thousand dollars that had belonged exclusively to himself, when he should have attained his twenty-fifth year. Until then, as the boy had manifested many symptoms of unreliability and wildness, Mr. Danvers himself should direct his education and pursuits, and Cecil had chanced to be placed at the same school with Walter Ward. They were, perhaps, about the same age, though Cecil was the larger of the two, and his wonderful beauty, and really princely bearing, had inspired his fellows with a veneration rarely elicited by the most favored hero of school life.

He had seen Walter once at Mr. Leslie's house, had heard the story of his life, and recognizing him here, had begun one day in the gymnasium to question him rather sneeringly, in the presence of a number of boys, about his parents.

Walter responded civilly at first, stating ingeniously that he had never known either father or mother, when a coarse jest from young Dupre reached his ear, and the sense of it, with his acquired information, flashed upon him for the first time. Before the other could have the slightest intimation of any hostile intention, he had sprung upon him with the fierceness of a tiger, and struck him so full a blow with the weight he chanced to have in his hands, that Cecil at once measured his length upon the floor. Not satisfied with this, Walter leaped upon his prostrate body, and might have inflicted some fatal injury upon his adversary, had not the bystanders interfered to prevent him, crying out: "For shame! for shame! Throw the iron away, or you will kill him! Have fair play!" At this the weights had been hurled away, but when Cecil arose, declaring, wrathfully, that the right should not be ordered by him, he had closed with him in a hand to hand contest. Over and over they had it now, Cecil foaming in his haughty assumption of pride, and tearing at the hair and eyes of his nameless opponent.

"You dirty, insolent bastard! to have the insolence to strike me, because a gentleman picked you up out of the filth of the street, and placed you here that you might learn how to black his shoes instead of being a small boy, gave me as severe a thrashing as another boy ever received. Had your history been unknown to me, I would have staked my affidavit that you had been apprenticed to a blacksmith; for forger's hammer scarcely ever fell with more crushing effect upon anvil, than did your fist about my cranium and chest."

"And I, too," replied Walter, with a smile as haughty as his own, while the next day he drove with them, as a severe as a thrashing as another boy ever received. Had your history been unknown to me, I would have staked my affidavit that you had been apprenticed to a blacksmith; for forger's hammer scarcely ever fell with more crushing effect upon anvil, than did your fist about my cranium and chest."

Walter was arranged before the high tribunal of the establishment, and suspended from his duties for the remainder of the term. Mr. Leslie called in some surprise and indignation at the boy, had a long talk with him, during which Walter told his own story, interrupted by hot, passionate tears, and placed him at another school. The reports of him here were again most favorable. Mr. Leslie, himself, at the end of another year, was astonished at the successful examination sustained by the quick, large-eyed, well-mannered boy, whom he could scarcely believe to be the same person whose destiny he had at first attempted to shape with soliloquy promise of success. Evelyn had come with her father to the examination, and Mr. Leslie took the boy home with him, that he might have leisure to study this unfolding mind and character in the two months' vacation that ensued.

That he was pleased beyond his most sanguine expectations was quite evident from the additional instructions given on bringing him back to the college.

"His predominant talent is for mathematics," said the professor. "He would make a good engineer, or, perhaps, a successful financier."

"Let his pursuits be as regular and systematic as possible," replied Mr. Leslie, "that when the time comes he may be ready for any opening in life that may present itself. Have no son living. You will please regard him as such while under your charge, and treat him accordingly."

In the short two months passed in Mr. Leslie's house, Walter's character had been fixed beyond the control of all extraneous circumstances, for life.

At the close of the next scholastic year, Rochester Leslie received a firm but very grateful letter from the young

student, entreating him to crown the long list of favors he had done him, by finding him some employment, however humble it might be. "The professor," he declared, "has now prepared to earn a livelihood by his own exertions, and the sense of his obligations was so great that he could not, in justice to himself or his munificent patron, remain longer a trespasser upon his bounty at the expensive institution which he had been attending, and he had enclosed him a certificate of recommendation from the faculty."

Mr. Leslie, responding in person, urged upon the young man the advantages resulting from a thorough and comprehensive education, and informed him that he wished him to go on a matter of business for the present to Cuba. He had been requested to send a thoroughly responsible business man, and had selected Walter.

"Your instructors assure me that you can attend to my affairs there with perfect readiness. And on your return I desire you to enter the University of Princeton for the next three years. You can then," continued his benefactor, "take a position with me, or elsewhere; when you can easily repay me in money, if you will, and still suffer me to remain your happy debtor, in the conviction that I have aided you to become the man I desire you to be."

The commission to Cuba was executed, during the summer, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, and Walter returned promptly. It had been believed that Mrs. Leslie had looked with less favor upon the youth than either her husband or daughter had done; but she had now been in Europe for some months, where the father had left her for a while with Evelyn, whom they had taken over to complete her education; and Walter proceeded at once to Princeton, as had been agreed.

"During the walls of this alma mater of learning at last, with credentials such as only a fortunate few of our young men obtain here, he still expressed his preference for a mercantile life, and was received into the house of 'Danvers & Leslie.' Mr. Leslie now crossed the ocean to join his wife and daughter, the latter having fulfilled all the promise of her childhood, as a beautiful and accomplished young lady.

He had likewise a branch house in Brussels. And as some business entanglements threatened to monopolize more of his time than he cared to devote to such serious pursuits in person, he wrote Mr. Vance to post the readiest employe with the necessary details, and send him over at the earliest possible date.

While Mr. Leslie sighed wearily, without a hope of relief in many weeks to come, Walter Ward entered his counting-room at Brussels; and the former, delighted beyond measure, invited his young protégé, who now really presented a strikingly distinguished appearance, to drink wine at his Belgian villa with his family. Mrs. Leslie, seeming to have forgotten her old prejudice, was charmingly affable, and Evelyn resplendent in her youth and beauty. These young people shook hands cordially at a first glance.

"Why," laughed Mrs. Leslie, "I had paused to see you look at each other as entire strangers."

Each of them declared the other unchanged; while in justice to Walter, we must confess that few human beings in our life had ever undergone a more complete metamorphosis. Evelyn sang and played to him divinely on harp and piano, and he understood and repeated the divinest sentiments with her. And the next day he drove with them, after business hours, and played croquet with her on their return. She had the same old childish, irresistible frankness of manner; and the young man's color came and went strangely as he looked at her.

One evening, as he entered the door, being still dazzled by the brilliant light within, he saw a young man, with hair as curling and face as beautiful as that of Lord Byron, sitting familiarly with the family.

"Come in, Mr. Ward," said Mr. Leslie, rising to meet him. "I was under the impression that you were acquainted with Mr. Cecil Dupre, a countryman of ours, as you may remember."

The young men eyed each other for an instant; Dupre, smiling and self-possessed, was the first to speak.

"Mr. Ward, I entreat your friendly greeting to-day. You are the same, I see; but once, as a small boy, gave me as severe a thrashing as another boy ever received. Had your history been unknown to me, I would have staked my affidavit that you had been apprenticed to a blacksmith; for forger's hammer scarcely ever fell with more crushing effect upon anvil, than did your fist about my cranium and chest."

"And I, too," replied Walter, with a smile as haughty as his own, while the next day he drove with them, as a severe as a thrashing as another boy ever received. Had your history been unknown to me, I would have staked my affidavit that you had been apprenticed to a blacksmith; for forger's hammer scarcely ever fell with more crushing effect upon anvil, than did your fist about my cranium and chest."

The ladies looking surprised, Cecil explained, with abundant show of credit to Walter, the story of their old battle, which Mr. Leslie had quite forgotten. Amid the general laughter, Mrs. Leslie drew Walter aside, and engaged him in a lengthy discussion.

"As you are almost a son to us," she said, at last, "I may confide to you that young Mr. Dupre is a suitor for my daughter's hand. He has just left college in Germany, and in two years will come into possession of a handsome property. Besides which, as poor Eugene left no children of his own, Mr. Danvers will, of course, make him his heir. I find the sly fellow has been talking love to her since they were quite children; so I suppose we shall have to give our consent."

On this evening Walter left early, and afterwards his business kept him more closely at his hotel.

Mr. Leslie and his family returned to New York some months before young Ward could complete his business arrangements. When he did come over at last he was welcomed both by Mr. Danvers and Rochester Leslie with every mark of confidence. His aptness had been the theme of universal comment at home and abroad. Mr. Leslie renewed invitations, and Walter continued to call, now and then, at the old residence on Fifth avenue.

Cecil Dupre had been reported a little wild on the continent; and Philip Danvers, ever a thoroughly practical man, had sent for him home.

"I shall put him to work," he said, "and Rochester Leslie will then have an

opportunity to find out the stuff of which he is made. I shall try him, for the next two years, upon the same salary we pay young Ward; and if he doesn't sober down, I'll cut him off without a shilling of my money, let him marry Leslie's daughter when he will."

Cecil Dupre came home, and to all appearances was "sobering down" in good earnest; but he was far from being a business man, as the most lenient of his friends were forced to declare, while Mr. Danvers, who did not think that the best of young men could be so much, was forming another, but a favorable impression of his adopted step-son.

Rochester Leslie had more sympathy with the follies of youth, and had an interview with Mr. Danvers, with a view to ascertain that gentleman's intentions with regard to young Dupre, and to establish the understanding between Cecil and his daughter upon some sure basis.

Mr. Danvers informed him that the young man would come into possession of his son's property in rather more than a year, but for his own, he was not at all decided as to its disposal.

Mr. Leslie was not entirely pleased, and was even disposed to sympathize with young Dupre as something hardly dealt by, and had given his consent in due form to the latter's marriage with his daughter on Cecil's coming into his property. And these matters were standing on the day Walter Ward presented himself at Rochester Leslie's door, and was shown by the gentleman usher into his presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 7.—THE FATAL ENCOUNTER.

"There is the spot, just where you see the cleft in the rock, at which our noble knight met his death, a little more than twenty-five years ago."

The speaker was a gray-headed man, an old servant in the family of Lord Rosenstein.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed his companion. "I shudder when I look over the precipice into the gulf beneath. What a fearful height! His death must have been instantaneous. Was it accidental?"

"That no mortal will ever know," interrupted the old man. "His body was found by some shepherds at the base of the cliffs, early on the following morn. It's a dreadful story, which will be told by father to son for generations to come."

"You must narrate it to me. Come, my friend, let us return," said the younger of the two. "After a deep draught of good Rhine wine, you will be in better trim to relate the melancholy history."

The speaker and his companion descended the mountain, and eventually succeeding in reaching the little town of Braubach, they entered a neat, small house by the water side. After partaking of a light repast, which they washed down with sundry glasses of wine, the two companions managed to shake off the sense of weariness and depression which both had felt an hour or so before.

"You have seen every nook and cranny of the castle, sir," observed the old man. "It's a brave old place, isn't it?"

"Without a doubt."

"And you have asked me to tell you how it came to pass that the Rosenstein family. You will not be surprised that it should have done so, when you know all. You must understand that I was a page in the service of the late Count Rosenstein at the time the occurrence took place which I am now about to narrate. My master was a brave and honorable gentleman, albeit he was headstrong, impetuous, and easily moved to anger, and was, withal, jealous to a fault. Small wonder at that, you will say, when I tell you that my lady was the most beautiful and accomplished woman of her day."

"Early one morning the count summoned me into his library, where I found him rather more pale and thoughtful than usual. A letter lay on the table before him, on which he wrote a name and address. Then he drew a small cord of silk floss across the folds, and sealed the letter at both ends. He put the note into my hands, and said, quietly:

"Herman, you will repair to Nieder, where there is at present a camp. Inquire for Captain Kehlner, and mind you give this letter into his own hands. You will have to bring me back a reply."

"I promised obedience. From my master's manner, as also from other circumstances which had come to my knowledge, I suspected that the missive to be taken to the camp was a cartel of mortal defiance. This supposition was strengthened when he said, upon my leaving:

"Do not let it be seen by your manner that there is anything extraordinary in your mission. Conduct the matter as quietly as possible."

"I bowed, and left the library. I was young, bold, and I might say without fear for my own personal safety; nevertheless, I was not quite certain as to the sort of reception I should meet with from the captain, who might be incensed at receiving such a cartel from a page."

Amid the general laughter, Mrs. Leslie drew Walter aside, and engaged him in a lengthy discussion.

"As you are almost a son to us," she said, at last, "I may confide to you that young Mr. Dupre is a suitor for my daughter's hand. He has just left college in Germany, and in two years will come into possession of a handsome property. Besides which, as poor Eugene left no children of his own, Mr. Danvers will, of course, make him his heir. I find the sly fellow has been talking love to her since they were quite children; so I suppose we shall have to give our consent."

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apartment, he asked me if I had an answer to his note.

"Only a verbal one, my lord," said I. "Upon this he sent away his little girl, who was by his side, and I gave him an account of all that had passed."

"Thou hast done well, Herman," observed my master. "I shall need your services this evening; be in readiness to accompany me at eight o'clock."

"I did not know precisely what I was needed for, but had, of course, no other alternative than to obey; so when it drew near the appointed hour I slipped unobserved into the library. The count was engaged with a notary, who handed him several papers to sign. He went through these formalities with the utmost composure, bidding me wait in the ante-room till they were concluded. He then joined me, and we both sallied forth, and made direct for a grove of trees on the borders of the Rhine. The place was well known to both of us as being a lonely and unfrequented spot. I began to fully comprehend the object of our visit, and had some serious misgivings as to the result. My master was an accomplished swordsman, well versed in the use of his weapon, and the knowledge of this fact made me feel confident that he would prove the victor."

"In less than a quarter of an hour after our arrival Captain Kehlner presented himself. He bowed coldly to the count, and said, 'In obedience to your written instructions, sir, I have come hither unattended; but I see you have a companion.'

"He is a young man of honor and probity," returned the count. "Nevertheless, if you desire it, I will request him to leave at once."

"Let him remain, by all means," answered Kehlner. "I would much prefer his being present. At the same time, however, I must observe that it would have been more seemly to have chosen some other person than a mere page. However, after all, it is, perhaps, as well to have as few witnesses as possible."

"Quite as well, since I feel it my duty to tell you, as I now do, that I hold you to be a villain and a traitor."

"It is false! I cast back your epithets with scorn. But no more of this; have you chosen the ground?"

"He gave me his horse's rein, and Count Rosenstein led him to the chosen spot, where he made him examine it accurately, to assure himself that there was no inequality."

"Bah!" ejaculated the captain. "I do not suspect you of any mean artifice."

"Upon this, the two measured weapons, and prepared for the coming strife. I could not help remarking to myself that neither of the combatants had made any allusion to the cause of the hostile meeting."

"At length, swords were crossed. A few passes were made, and successfully parried. Neither seemed disposed to act upon the aggressive, and the contest was a cautious one for some time. Presently, however, my master, who was, as I have already observed, of a hasty and choleric nature, became heated in the encounter. He pressed the captain hard, still, however, keeping a wary hand and eye; but at the same time it was evident that he was becoming more vehement at each pass. At length, in a furious lunge, in consequence of not keeping his right foot straight, he slipped suddenly, and came upon his knee, perfectly at the mercy of his opponent."

"Captain Kehlner immediately lowered the point of his weapon, and bade him rise."

"Struck with the captain's generosity, I advanced, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation with the palmer."

"Gentlemen," I ejaculated, "I trust you will pardon my interference; but consider for a moment. Cannot the matter be now arranged amicably and honorably to both parties?"

"Silence, Herman!" exclaimed my master.

"The young man means well," observed Kehlner. But his words fell upon the ear of one who is blinded with passion."

"If you are content to go forth to the world branded as a coward, mount your horse and away at once," answered the count, with bitterness.

"Not another word passed; but the combat was renewed with redoubled fury. So quick, indeed, were the movements of both parties, that I was hardly able to follow them. At the end of a series of savage thrusts on both sides, Count Rosenstein parried a lunge of his adversary in such a manner as to leave the whole of the captain's body unprotected. He then lunged in return, and the next moment Captain Kehlner was lying prostrate."

"At a sign from my master, I threw the bridles of the horse over a low hedge, and hastened at once to the spot where the wounded officer lay."

"The fallen man had by this time raised himself upon one arm; his countenance was deathly pale; but he spoke not a word. I looked at the count, and said, in a whisper:

"Shall I run for assistance—for a leech?"

"He shook his head, and said:

"I fear he is past all surgery. Remain here."

"Speak—for mercy's sake, speak, Captain Kehlner!" I ejaculated, in a tone of agony.

"He will never speak more," said the count.

"With a single groan, the captain fell back."

"The remembrance of that awful scene will remain with me to the end of my days. We stood for some time contemplating the rigid features of the slain man. I felt assured that his career was at an end; and, after a long and painful pause, my master bent over him, and opened his doublet."

"It is all over with him," he said, turning away with something like an expression of remorse on his features. "His heart, Herman. Put your hand upon his heart, and see if it beats. You will call me hasty, revengeful, and cruel."

"It is not likely that I shall upbraid you now, my lord," I answered. "Still—"

"Well, what? Speak frankly; I shall not be angered."

"I do very much regret the matter had not been arranged when I suggested it."

"Peace! Would you drive me mad? I said no more; but bent over the form of the brave young officer, and ascertained beyond all question that he was dead."

At this part of the narrative, the speaker's companion uttered a deep groan.

"Ah!" observed Herman, "you may well be moved; but what I have already

told is nothing in comparison to the sequel. Shall I proceed?"

"Yes—by all means; let me learn all. It is essential that I should know."

"We buried the dead captain beneath the trees, within a few paces of the spot where he had fallen. But, ah! young gentleman, we could not bury the remembrance of what took place on that fatal night. We returned to Marksburg. I could not help remarking that Count Rosenstein appeared restless and troubled."

He shut himself up in the library, and seemed to avoid the presence of his wife. Three days after the deed, he called me on one side, and said, in a low whisper:

"Herman, the spirit of the dead man has appeared to me!"

"I started back, and regarded him with a look of incredulity."

"It is true," he murmured. "The dead man has twice presented himself. Come to me this evening after ten. You will find me in the library."

"I went at the appointed time, and seated from the lips of my master the cause of his quarrel with Captain Kehlner."

"And what was its nature?"

"Well, you must know, sir, that when our country was laid waste and devastated by civil wars, the captain was pursued by a detachment of the enemy's troops. In the hour of his peril my master came to his rescue, and conducted him through the secret passage into the castle of Marksburg, where he remained a guest for some weeks. He left suddenly and secretly; why, or wherefore, we none of us knew. But it appeared afterwards that my master was jealous. He fancied that the young captain was too attentive to my lady, the countess. He, however, never for a moment suspected that she gave him encouragement, for he had implicit faith in the fidelity of his wife. A quarrel ensued. The count, always headstrong and passionate, struck the captain, who returned the blow; and the end of all this was the hostile meeting I have already described."

"And what followed?"

"You shall hear. Count Rosenstein became a moody, melancholy man. He was afflicted with a bitter feeling of remorse, and seemed to be under some strange and unaccountable influence. The spirit of the slain captain appeared to him by day and by night. An old man, disguised as a palmer, paid a visit to the castle, and my unhappy master made him acquainted with all that had passed, and sought his advice."

"And the palmer—what said he?"

"Alas! good sir, what he said was of so terrible a nature as to drive Count Rosenstein to desperation—to madness. I must now refer to a circumstance which occurred many years before the events which I have already narrated. A young man, the son of a Baron Hubner, was tried upon several charges of disaffection and treason. One of the chief witnesses against him was my master. The Baron's son was convicted, and sentenced to death. He was decapitated on the scaffold by the handsman of Mentz. Count Rosenstein was, at this time, commander of the emperor's forces, and he was ordered by his sovereign to be present, with two regiments of guards, at the execution. Mindful of the emperor's commands, he obeyed. When the final act of the had been performed, Baron Hubner shook his gloved hand at the count, and said, in a voice of concentrated anger:

"Hark ye, Count Rosenstein! My son's blood be upon your head! It is your turn, now; but, in the years that are to come, his death will be avenged! Farewell, till then!" We shall meet again."

"And did he endeavor to avenge his son's death?"

"Ah, indeed, he did, and succeeded but too well. Years passed over, and no one saw or heard anything of Baron Hubner. As time went on, a report reached Marksburg, that the Baron had died in some foreign land."

"And was the rumor without foundation?"

"Yes, so it afterwards appeared. I said my count consulted the palmer. He told him all; of the death of Kehlner, and how he had been haunted by his spirit."

"The palmer listened, without moving a muscle of his rigid and sinister features. When the master ceased speaking, the palmer regarded him with a look of intense satisfaction; such a look as Mephistopheles might fasten on a man when he had in his power."

"You have done?" observed the palmer, carelessly. "Your story is told?"

"Yes, returned the count."

"Good! Now listen to mine. The young captain who met his death at your hands may well haunt you; he was guiltless of the charge you made against him."

"But, worse than this," observed the palmer, in a slow and measured voice: "It is your wife's brother."

"Count Rosenstein's breath came thick, and a choking sensation in his throat deprived him of the power of utterance."

"He was your wife's brother," repeated the palmer—"her younger brother; although she knew him not when he was your guest."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the count.

"Upon this, the palmer drew from his doublet letters and papers, which clearly proved the identity of the ill-fated captain. It appeared that the brother of the countess, when a boy of some six years of age, had been a passenger on a vessel which was lost at sea. All on board were reported to have perished, including the father of the boy. Such, however, was not the case. Three passengers only were saved—two men and a boy. They were picked up by a Greek vessel. The men had supported themselves on the water by clinging to a broken mast, across which they had placed the child, whom the men afterwards adopted, and had named after him. The boy grew up to manhood, enlisted in the army, distinguished himself, and received his death-wound from the sword of his brother-in-law."

"And the count?"

"When he heard this from the lips of his mortal foe—for such the palmer was—my unhappy master became almost frantic; but his cup of bitterness was not yet full. The palmer suddenly threw aside his dagger, and stood erect before his panic-stricken companion."

"Count Rosenstein," he said, in an altered tone, assuming an attitude of defiance, "do you not know me? Did I not tell you some two and twenty years ago, that we should meet again? I am here, and my son's death is avenged!"

"The count was too overwhelmed with remorse to make any reply, and Baron

Hubner, with a smile of malignant malice, bade his departure."

"And the end?"

"Yes, death. I have already shown you where the body of my unhappy master was found. He fell over the cliffs, whether purposely or by accident, no one has been able to determine; but he perished, as I have described. Soon after his death, my lady, the countess, went abroad, taking with her a dear little girl—her only child; and, ah! woe is me, but the sight of either or both of them would glaze these old eyes more than I can tell; but that may not be, I suppose."

"It shall be, my friend!" exclaimed Herman's companion. "The little girl you allude to has now grown up to a handsome young woman, and she made me promise not to return without you."

"What?" ejaculated Herman, rubbing his eyes like a man who had just been awakened out of his sleep. "You take me to her?"

"Assuredly, my friend. No."

"But I do not quite understand. Then you know Mona Rosenstein?"

"I ought to, since she is my wife. There, cease your wonderment. We have settled at Florence. You return thither with me."

"Why did you not tell me this before?" said Herman.

"I wanted to hear this sad history of the past before doing so. That is over now. You spend the remainder of your days with us."

"Up!"

"Yes; with me, my wife and the countess."

In less than twenty-four hours after this declaration, the faithful old servant of the Rosensteins started off with his newly-found friend, who made direct for Florence.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—What ploughing, digging, and harrowing is to land, thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is sowed to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overgrown with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind, a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance be scattered in it by every kind of doctrine, which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools raise.

We should give as we should receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation, for there is no grace in the benefit that sticks to the fingers.

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